

**FOOTBALL SHOWDOWNS**

**THE BOWLS  
THE PROS**

# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 21, 1964 35 CENTS

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR: KEN VENTURI



THE MAN AND THE MOMENT

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NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Cover photograph by Jay Mauer

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## Next issue

**THE NFL CHAMPIONSHIP** is scheduled for Cleveland, and Tex Maule will report it. With the AFL season still undetermined, Edwin Shraike has hotel reservations in Buffalo and Boston.

**ROUGH SEAS LIE AHEAD** for the susceptible landlubber who drops in at the boat show. Artie Roy McKie sketches the shoals on which a sailor, at least, may run hard aground.

**SUN VALLEY**, with its movie image and its celebrities, has been a publicity success but a financial loser. Bob Ottum introduces two brothers who just bought in and prefer winners.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

*Robert H. Jones*

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The gates are slowly closing on 1964—this is the last issue we will publish in this calendar year—and we are looking back with more than the usual nostalgia at the last 12 months. This was the year in which we marked our 10th anniversary; we sought to recall, in memorable pictures, the sporting history of a decade. And this is the issue in which we bow to those who contributed so

is followed (page 46) by a collection of extraordinary color photographs of the sporting miracles of tomorrow—rocket belts and gyrocopters and underwater drag racers and the like, not gimmicky gadgets but usable products that in most cases could be manufactured today (indeed, some are being manufactured today) and surely will be manufactured tomorrow.

These photographs are the end result of months of research, planning and plain hard work by Associate Editor Lee Eltingon. She found out what far-out products were being developed, or were about to be developed, or were likely to be developed. She arranged for mock-ups where needed and for settings that would show these futuristic treasures most effectively. Finally, photographers shooting pictures on locations as widely varied as mountain peaks and the ocean floor completed, most impressively, Lee's ambitious project.

Beyond the practical side of the future is the fanciful. Ours is a science-fiction sports story (page 84) by Theodore Sturgeon, one of the two or three writers who emerged as giants in the field when science fiction moved out of pulp country after the atom bomb made impossibilities valid subjects for serious speculation. Sturgeon's grim, sardonic and somewhat Orwellian view of how sport and society may evolve is one that we are far from sharing, but we do feel that his story—which effectively demonstrates the high level of writing skill in this genre—is a contribution to thinking about sport. And sport is to be thought about as well as enjoyed.

Our next issue will be dated January 4, so this is the time to wish you a Happy Christmas, and may 1965 be a winning year for you all.



TED STURGEON'S SPORT OF TOMORROW

much to our enjoyment of sport in 1964, with special attention, of course, to the courageous individual whom we have named our Sportsman of the Year (page 30).

But before we get to wallowing in insentimentality about the past—the recent past—we resolutely turn our attention to the future. This double holiday issue is not only a tribute to the days we have had in sport; it is a salute to the days we hope to have—the future. On page 40 Robert H. Boyle presents a practical, factual appraisal of what the world of sport will be like in another 10 years or so, and his no-nonsense report

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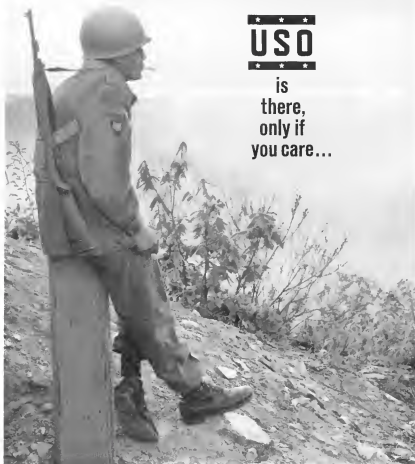
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# SCORECARD

## SHYING LIKE HORSEMEN

Sorely in need of money, or so it says, the State of New York is contemplating a highly arguable step: the legalization of off-track betting on Thoroughbred and harness racing. The New York legislature may well put through an off-track betting bill after it convenes next month. The prospect has been greeted with consternation by the U.S. Trotting Association and the Horsemen's (Thoroughbred) Benevolent and Protective Association. The USTA predicts major losses to harness racing. The HBPA goes further. It threatens to boycott New York racing.

What both associations fear is a decline in on-track betting and track admissions, on which purse sizes are now based. The theory is that bettors will not bother to go to the track if they can place their bets at a shop around the corner.

Aside from the boycott threat, which is patent nonsense when directed against a state that has the largest racing attendance in the country, the horsemen's opposition would appear, at first blush, to be soundly based. Except that there are other considerations. In the first place, the state will almost certainly share some of its take with the tracks. Secondly, there is no real evidence that attendance will be affected adversely. It might even go up. One recalls fears that radio and television would ruin the book publishing business, which in fact is flourishing as never in its history. Betting will undoubtedly increase, and a large part of the increase will come from those who do not now bet on the horses or go to the track at all. We may hope that some of these, developing an interest in racing as a sport instead of a mere gambling device, will eventually want to see the horses run.

We suggest that the horsemen rein up and wait to see an actual bill in the legislature before throwing up their hands and putting out inane threats.

## DEPENDS ON WHO'S RULING

Since its adoption last spring, the new basketball rule regulating the conduct of coaches on the bench has been viewed

apprehensively by the men it was designed to control. The rule says that officials must assess a technical foul against a coach who arises from the bench while the clock is running except for the purpose of signaling his team to call time out or to confer with substitutes on the bench. Coaches spent the summer and fall speculating as to how rigidly the rule would be enforced.

Now they are beginning to find out, but they are not so sure what they are finding. As is so often the case with a controversial rule, it is being interpreted differently in different conferences. The Missouri Valley Conference has told its officials to take a tough, literal line. Its neighbor, the Big Eight, much more liberal, permits coaches to rise to direct play while the clock is running so long as they do not appear to be disagreeing with the call of an official.

One of the nation's most volatile and irrepressible coaches, Abe Lemons of Oklahoma City University, was among the first to be slapped with a technical foul call. During a game with North Texas, he leaped up and began gesticulating wildly at the officials, one of whom promptly called the foul. But Lemons won a reversal. He had, he said, merely been calling attention to the fact that a lighted cigarette, tossed onto the court by a fan, was threatening to send the whole place up in flames.

## FAREWELL, POOR BOY

At its annual meeting in Las Vegas the Professional Golfers' Association announced that its pro golf tour had hit a \$3,500,000 jackpot. This is the sum, a whopping 27% more than was offered in 1964, that tournament sponsors, thanks in part to a 13-tournament television contract the PGA has just signed with Sports Network Inc., will put up in prize money during 1965. Long an outdoor adjunct of show business, the pro tour is now beginning to pay like show business. As with vaudeville, however, some of the old acts are being forced out. The first one to go, not surprisingly, is the Poor Boy Open, the event staged by Oil Millionaire Waco Turner at his lodge in Burney-

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#### SCORECARD

vile. OLLA (\$1, May 11) while the rich boys were playing at the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas. Piqued by talk that his tournament might be given "unofficial" status and by golfers who, in the midst of their new prosperity, imagined they were doing him a favor to show up, Waco abruptly sank himself out of the calendar.

"Golf is too fine a game to be subjected to some of the commercialism it now suffers," said the crusty, rustic Waco. "It is unfortunate, but money has become more important in golf than the game itself. Perhaps some of professional golf's leaders will reexamine the entire picture and bring it back into focus."

Perhaps they will. But then again, perhaps all the leaders are caught in a stampede to the bank.

#### BOOM ON THE BOOT

Since television abandoned boxing in the United States there has been some improvement, but nothing too exciting, in live gate attendance at the few arenas which present fight cards. In Italy, on the other hand, the sport is booming. Every other Friday night 18,000 fans fill Rome's magnificent Palazzo dello Sport, paying up to \$16 (and more to scalpers) per seat. At last week's junior middle-weight title fight between the world champion, Sandro Mazzinghi, and Fortunato Manca, 4,000 of the crowd had journeyed from Sardinia to make sure that Manca, a fellow Sardinian, was treated justly. He lost a close decision, but it seemed fair, and there was no riot.

It was, as usual, a capacity house. Mazzinghi's purse was \$8,400 plus a percentage of the \$72,000 gate, which brought his total take to more than \$11,000. Manca was paid \$2,600. By way of comparison the four junior middleweight world title fights put on in the U.S. in 1962-63 attracted between 2,500 and 5,000 spectators each and no gate got as high as \$30,000.

#### NOSTALGIC NOTE

Few of us, if any, cross the continent by canoe these days. The jets are so much faster. But in case anyone is thinking of it he can count on Canada's Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources for help. All across the 3,000-mile canoe route once traversed by fur traders and explorers the department is putting up signs to point the way for the modern voyagers. They show

a black "north canoe" and bear the words, "Historic Trans-Canada Canoe Route." You can't miss it.

The high-ended north canoe was manned by five or six paddlers, whereas the Montreal canoe, or *canot de maitre*, which carried up to three tons of cargo, required 10 or more husky men. Some 150 years ago, in the heyday of the Montreal fur trade, brigades of Montreal canoes would set out early each May from Lachine, Que., to rendezvous eight weeks later at the head of Lake Superior with men who had paddled from Lake Athabaska and other inland points in the lighter north canoes. There the Montrealers received furs in exchange for other goods before turning back east. The north canoes would return to the interior and west, some of them crossing the Continental Divide.

In those days it was the fastest way to cross Canada. Then, in 1885, everything was spoiled. The Canadian Pacific Railway was completed.

#### LIMEYS, FROGGIES AND FISHES

Though the need for frogmen in Lincolnshire, England may seem slight, the Marquess of Bristol did the handsome thing when county police decided to form an underwater corps. He gave them free use of his 17-acre lake to practice their frog kicks. It now looks as if his generosity may have been anticipating its own reward. Recently the Marquess informed the submersible bobbies that he was restocking his lake, formerly a lair of pike and tench, with rainbow trout. He asked them to keep a froggy eye open to see how the trout were faring. The report quickly came back that most of the faring was being done by a monstrous pike, "as big as a blasted shark," which had been assaulting and battering upon the trout. Zealous in its pursuit of duty, the local constabulary is now attempting to apprehend the malefactor, but so far he has eluded their spear guns.

#### MONOTONY

When Kelso won the Laurel International last month and Horse of the Year honors for the fifth time, Artist Richard Stone Reeves groaned. And well he might. As America's foremost equine portraitist, Reeves is commissioned each year to paint the Thoroughbred champion, and in the past four years he has painted Kelso and trainer, Kelso and dog, Kelso winning and a picture which might be called Life with Kelso.

*continued*

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**SCORECARD** *continued*

"There's nothing esthetically attractive about Kelso," Reeves says. "His head points straight up and down, not out. His legs stretch behind him, and his foot comes out of his pasture in an odd way."

"You know," Reeves admits, "I thought Gun Bow would be Horse of the Year. I couldn't wait to get my hands on him. He's an artist's dream."

But the dream must wait. Back in his studio in Oldwick, N.J., Reeves is planning his fifth—pardon us, his sixth—portrait of Kelso. Mrs. Richard duPont, the gelding's owner, had him do an impressionistic oil of her champion grazing at Saratoga last August. And what if Kelso earns the title again next year? Dick Reeves shrugs and says, "Maybe they'll let me paint Mrs. Kelso Everett, the woman he's named after."

### BRING 'EM BACK SIGNED

This is the time of year American and National Football League teams are busy making themselves irresistible to college draftees by engaging in great lonely vigils. The Baltimore Colts rented an entire floor of a motel in Rockville, Md. to keep a Kansas City Chiefs scout from getting at Duke Fullback Mike Curtis; they even monitored Curtis' calls. The scout was Don Klosterman, himself a wily inveigler who once took a prospect in Texas out for coffee—to Miami. Klosterman got through the Colts' early-warning line by having his secretary pose as Curtis' fiancée.

Buddy Young says a special NFL task force, of which he is part, is now at work with instructions to sign the desired property to any team, as long as it is one in the National League and not the American. Young tells of one player who returned to his dormitory to find \$25,000 in bills on top of his bed. The boy fled the room in fright, leaving the \$25,000 behind. It was a reaction, Young felt, that was scarcely in the professional spirit.

### WHISPERING HOPE

Let those of us who are pigeon-toed and bowlegged and still want to be athletes take heart. It might be the best thing that ever happened to us. Jake Gaither, football coach and athletic director at Florida A&M, cites as living proof none other than his star pupil, the world's fastest human afoot, Bob Hayes, now with the Dallas Cowboys.

*continued*



*A traditional Christmas egg nog—made with gold label Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by Allen Fongtine.*

## The secret of making the traditional Christmas egg nog

*(Use gold label Puerto Rican rum and follow these foolproof recipes)*

**I**F YOU really want to delight your friends with a Christmas egg nog, make it with rum. There's plenty of precedent. After all, this Early American merry cup started with rum.

Today, the grand tradition continues—but with a notable improvement: gold label Puerto Rican rum. They simply refuse to be subdued in an egg nog. Reason: they are distilled at high proof and

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**Quick recipe.** Add 12 oz. gold label Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt. of egg nog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 12.

**Standard recipe.** Beat 12 egg yolks until

light. Beat in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of gold label Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hrs. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill 1 hr. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 24.

**FREE BOOKLET!** 31 Rum drink recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.



THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG 2+2

If they're still waiting for Agnes down at the Willow Lane Whist and Discussion Group, they'll wait a long time. Agnes hasn't been herself since she got her Fastback 2+2 Mustang (with its racy lines, bucket seats, smooth, optional 3-speed automatic transmission and fire-eating 289-cu. in. V-8). Mustang is more car than Willow Lane has seen since the last Stutz Bearcat bit the dust. (And Agnes has a whole new set of hobbies, none of which involves cards.) Why don't you find out if there's any truth in the rumor—Mustangers have more fun?



Best year yet to go Ford  
**MUSTANG!**  
**MUSTANG!**  
**MUSTANG!**



"Here's a boy," says Gaither, "who's bowlegged, he's pigeon-toed, he waddles just like a duck, and he's the fastest man in the world. I have a sort of sneaking suspicion that when those toes turn in, that when a runner strides, he gets spring out of all five toes instead of just two. Jackie Robinson was pigeon-toed."

Gaither's theory of the superiority of the pigeon-toed antedated Hayes, he says.

"I always felt that a pigeon-toed back could cut and maintain his balance much better than a boy who was a straight-ahead runner," he explained. "Jesse Owens, if you saw him run, was just like an arrow. His legs were straight. Now here comes a boy who doesn't do like Owens. The position of the toes inward gives him flexibility, more push-off. It gives him more momentum."

"Just a theory. Nothing scientifically proved. But I don't turn down any bowlegged, pigeon-toed boys. I love 'em."

Never mind the science. We pigeon-toed types agree.

#### TANGLED IVY

Newest fad raging in the Ivy League is a game called Tangle, put out by Selchow & Righter Company, who gave us Scrabble a few years ago. The game is played on a board, with two or four contestants, each holding 29 playing pieces of various shapes and point values. Points are scored when a player encloses all six sides of a hexagon on the board with his playing pieces.

Cornell put on an all-night Tangle tournament and broadcast it over the campus radio station. Columbia's Tangle tournament for students was such a success that one was scheduled for the faculty. Other successful tournaments have been held at Yale, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania. Only Brown's was a washout. "We are too conservative for board games," a Brown man explained haughtily.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Bob Timberlake, Michigan quarterback, explaining that he sees no conflict between his ministerial ambitions and playing football: "I can't see anything wrong with good clean violence."

- Lou Spadix, 49er general manager, on the simplicity of signing Ken Willard of North Carolina, the 49ers' first draft choice: "We did it with a gentleman's handshake on the phone."

END

# CANOE



a man's after shave, after bath cologne

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# THE BROWNS WIN BIG

With some 45 seconds to play in the first half at Yankee Stadium last Saturday, the Cleveland Browns convinced themselves, the New York Giants, 63,000 damp spectators and the rest of the National Football League that they are, indeed, the best football team in the Eastern Division.

At the critical moment the Browns were leading the New York Giants 17-7, but they had not yet established a clear superiority over the last-place team. They had only partially demonstrated all the qualities which brought them the championship: a sturdy, sometimes spectacular running attack predicated upon the genius of Jim Brown, a strategic air command based on accurate, probing short passes combined with the threat of one of the league's best long-passing attacks and a spongy defense that absorbed rather than stopped enemy offenses—a tactic which all season has resulted in impressive statistics and unimpressive scores for Cleveland opponents. Up to this point the Browns had seemed tense, even apprehensive, and one remembered that this was a club which had in another year blown the championship to the Giants in the season's closing moments.

But then Frank Ryan, the tall Cleveland quarterback who has gotten prematurely gray in the service of the Browns, wrapped up the title for his team and dashed the hopes of the second-place St. Louis Cardinals with one brilliant play. The Browns had taken possession of the ball at the Giant 48-yard line on an interception by Vince Costello. The pass may have been the last Y. A. Tittle will ever throw in pro football. Ryan called for a time-out and went over to the sideline to discuss the situation with Coach Blanton Collier.

"Warfield thinks he can beat Webb on a double Z out," he said. "I'd like to call it."

"Fine," Collier said. "I think it will work."

A double Z out is a pattern in which Paul Warfield, the superb rookie end, fakes in and breaks out, and then heads up-field and fakes in and breaks out again.

"Webb had been playing me pretty tight," he said later. "I knew if I got by him I could outrun him. On this play I broke to the outside and started up-field. He just stood there, so I broke the pattern and kept going instead of

*continued*

*Jim Brown (22) slants wide at start of a long gain as Frank Ryan watches*



# IN THE EAST

*By demolishing New York—the East's worst team*

*—Cleveland proved its right to meet Baltimore,*

*the best in the West*

**by TEX MAULE**

*and Ernie Green (48) cuts down Giants' Tom Scott (82). Brown and Green give Cleveland a ground attack equal to the Colts' Moore and Lerrick*



faking again. I didn't know if Frank would pick up the broken pattern or not, but I had a good lead on Webb and I didn't want to lose it."

Ryan picked up the broken pattern easily and lofted a high, featherlight pass which Warfield caught on the Giant 10-yard line and carried to the one before he was stopped. Ryan passed to Ernie Green for the touchdown seconds later, and the Browns had, for all practical purposes, won the title. They scored another 28 points in the second half, but the game-breaker was the long pass to Warfield.

The Cleveland offense was uncomplicated, and designedly so.

"We cut the offense down to the barest minimum," said Collier, the scholarly coach of the Browns. "Frank has a tendency to be distracted by too many plays. If he spends too much time pondering strategy, he tends to lose his concentration on passing. I didn't want that to happen."

The limited offense allowed Ryan to concentrate so well on his passing that he completed 12 of 13—five of them for touchdowns.

"We were dedicated in this game," Ryan said. "Against St. Louis a week ago we weren't. I guess we all felt we had another shot this week if we lost. We won't feel that way against the Colts." He paused to glance at a congratulatory telegram someone handed him, and grinned.

"Do me a favor," he said to one of his listeners. "Don't pick us."

"I won't," the listener said, with good reason.

Although the Browns are a sound, intelligent and even explosive football team, they stand small chance of upsetting the Baltimore Colts in the championship game on December 27 in Cleveland. The game will not be, as some seem to think, a rout but, given the equipment of the two teams, it should result in a decisive victory for Baltimore.

The most significant difference between the two clubs is in quarterbacks. Ryan is a good one, but Johnny Unitas is the best—perhaps the best ever.

"He'll cut the Browns to pieces," one Giant said after last Saturday's game. "He eats up a zone."

The Browns rely heavily on zone coverage against passing. Most of the time they stay in what is known as a three-deep zone, designed to shut off the long

pass and grudgingly yield yardage on short passes. Invariably there are cracks in such a defense. They occur in the areas between zones. For instance, if the zone is short and long, a receiver may be open for a fleeting second as he leaves the zone of the short man before he can be picked up by the deep man.

A passer needs good anticipation, cool daring and unerring accuracy to throw into these cracks, since the ball must be thrown ahead of the receiver on a flight that will split the crack in the zone just as the receiver arrives in it. No quarterback does this as well as Unitas. Too, the receivers must run faultless patterns, since any deviation from the pattern opens up a strong possibility of an interception. Raymond Berry is a meticulous receiver. Jimmy Orr and John Mackey are nearly as good, and Lenny Moore, going out for a pass from his halfback post, poses an additional threat.

Coach Don Shula last year installed what has come to be known as the Baltimore flood, an offensive formation that puts three receivers on or close to the line of scrimmage on one side, and a fourth on the other side. The Baltimore flood forces the defense out of zone coverage and often sets up man-to-man coverage on Berry. Since the Cleveland defensive backs are not notably strong on man-to-man coverage, the Colt passing attack should work very well from the flood, as well as from conventional sets which will permit Unitas to probe the Cleveland zone.

The Baltimore running game, which seemed to slow down a little during the second half of the season, should nevertheless be effective enough against the Cleveland defense to insure ball control for the Colts. One of Baltimore's favorite short-yardage plays sends Moore or Tony Lorick or Jerry Hill driving into the line behind the blocking of massive Jim Parker, a 275-pound guard with tremendous strength. Opposing him across the line will be young, relatively inexperienced Jim Kanicki, a 270-pound defensive tackle in his second season. Kanicki has improved enormously during this season, but it is unreasonable to assume that he will be able to defeat an All-League guard like Parker. It is likely that most of the Baltimore ground attack will be aimed straight at the Cleveland defensive line, with a minimum of trickery. Cleveland plays a reading de-

fense and is seldom fooled by influence blocking or sucker plays, in which a guard pulls in a direction opposite to the actual flow of the play, hoping that the tackle in front of him will move with him, leaving a hole for the ballcarrier. Pittsburgh, in one of the three games Cleveland lost this season, kept driving straight into the Cleveland line, and that night John Henry Johnson gained 200 yards on 30 carries.

But the success of the Colt running game may well depend on how well the blockers handle Vince Costello, the middle linebacker who calls the Cleveland defenses. Costello has wide range on pass coverage, and he has quick reaction to running plays, although he is not as punishing a tackler as the Colts' Bill Pellington. Since Costello is not exceptionally big he can sometimes be handled by a one-on-one block, and Dick Szymanski, the Colt center, is accomplished at the art of cutting down a middle linebacker.

The Colt pass-protection blocking has been good this year. Against the Browns, a team which seldom resorts to the blitz, this blocking should hold up as well as usual. The Cleveland defensive ends, Paul Wiggin and Bill Glass, will give the Colts a good deal of pressure. Both are strong, overpowering men—as big as the Colt tackles who will be blocking them—with long experience. Bob Vogel, who will face Glass, weighs five pounds less than his opponent, and George Preas, who must block Wiggin, weighs five pounds more. Vogel is only in his second season and may have difficulty containing the sophisticated Glass.

When the Browns go on offense their problems increase rather than diminish. By the end of the season Baltimore had one of the best defenses in the league, and it is more daring than Cleveland's. While the Browns blitz only about 10% of the time, the Colts send their linebackers in a third of the time, and occasionally go all out and send the safety man in, too. Even without the blitz, Baltimore puts damaging pressure on a passer; Gino Marchetti, despite his 38 years and 13 seasons of professional football, is still the best pass rusher in the game. He is as quick and as strong as a predatory cat, reads plays instantly and reacts instantly to both runs and passes. The man blocking on him will be the youngest of the Cleveland offensive linemen, John Brown. Brown is

quick and strong, but he will not be able to protect Ryan from Marchetti all afternoon.

When the Colts use Billy Ray Smith and Fred Miller at tackle and Orrell Braase at the other end, they have four exceptionally capable pass rushers going in. Guy Reese, who plays the same tackle as Smith, is strong against the run but not quick enough for a big pass rush.

The Colts are more vulnerable to the run than they are to the pass, and Ryan should have more success sending Ernie Green and Jimmy Brown into the Colt line than he will have in passing. All but one of the Baltimore defensive backs are strong on man-to-man coverage, the club uses man-to-man and zone, about 50-50. The brutal pressure the Colts put on passers is an important factor. They have thrown opposing quarterbacks for losses more often than any other club in the league. The Browns, on the other hand, because of their conservative defense, have reached and thrown enemy passers less often than any one else.

The success of the Cleveland attack, then, will depend first on how well the offensive line can hold off the Baltimore defense, giving Ryan time to throw. If Ryan can establish the sound running attack he did against the Giants, it will inhibit the charge of the Colt line, since the defense must then read run and ex-

ercise caution in making the pass rush.

If this happens and Ryan has adequate time to throw, the Colts will be in trouble. Ryan will then be hitting Warfield and Gary Collins—two excellent receivers—for good gains. Warfield is the best rookie receiver to come up in the last decade. He is not big—6 feet even and 188 pounds—but he has extraordinary moves for a rookie, plus speed. He is almost impossible to cover man for man—witness the Giants' difficulties with him—and he has sure hands. Beyond all this, he has the rare knack of never letting his eyes leave the ball and catching well in a crowd. Finally, he compensates for his lack of height by tremendous spring, which lifts him higher than taller defensive backs.

Collins is a perfect complement to Warfield. He is big—6 feet 4, 208—and gives Ryan a wide target breaking across the middle, especially close to the goal line. He caught a touchdown pass against the Giants on this pattern. He is not as fast or as quick as Warfield, but he has enough speed to go deep and has just as good hands.

Unfortunately, all of the sting could be drawn from Cleveland's passing attack if the weather should be bitterly cold in Municipal Stadium. Two of the three games the Browns lost during 1964 were on subfreezing days—which raises a

reasonable suspicion that Ryan, who played college football in warm weather at Rice University and began his pro career with the Los Angeles Rams in southern California, is not as effective a passer in cold weather as he is when the temperature is above freezing. Unkas, on the other hand, has never been much affected by cold.

It is to be hoped that the weather is warm enough and the field soft enough to give these exciting teams a maximum of running and passing advantage. Both have truly spectacular offenses; Tony Lorick and Lenny Moore give Baltimore just as strong a running game as Cleveland has with Jimmy Brown and Ernie Green. Any one of the four backs is capable of a long run. While Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr do not have quite the speed of Cleveland's Warfield and Collins, they more than make up for that with experience.

There is no great difference between the teams, but in the two most important areas of the game Baltimore has a clear edge: quarterback and overall defense. Cleveland probably will score at least a couple of times on long plays, but Baltimore should control the ball, run more plays—and win.

**TURN PAGE FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE PLAYOFF**

*Cleveland's adept rookie receiver, Paul Warfield (42), sits behind grasping knot of Giant defenders to haul down pass from Quarterback Ryan.*





THE PROS

## ... IN THE AFL,

*Neither the Bills nor the Patriots are likely to beat San Diego unless the game is played in fierce weather*

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Regardless of what happens next Sunday afternoon in Boston, when for the second straight year the Patriots and the Buffalo Bills play a game to decide the American Football League's Eastern Division winner, the ultimate championship—if it is fought for in respectable weather—should again belong to the San Diego Chargers. Handicapped early in the season by a series of injuries that made their training room look like an outpatient clinic, the Chargers have finally begun to play with the poise and power of which they are capable. And, oddly enough, one of those injuries turned the Chargers into an even better football team than they might otherwise have become. The injury was a pulled thigh muscle, and what it did was teach the young athlete at the left to act.

Until this season, Lance Alworth, the San Diego flanker, was strictly a burner, a speed-jump receiver who could run away from most defensive backs. He relied on his speed and the softness of his hands, which can somehow hold onto a football when Alworth himself is tumbling on his head, to become the finest deep receiver in the AFL. But for the first half a dozen games this season—his second full year in the league—the pulled thigh muscle took much of Alworth's speed away from him. The former Arkansas All-American had to learn to use finesse, to take and fend. When he could run again with his old flash and fury, Alworth mixed guile with go. The worst news for defensive backs is that he is still learning and in time will have a pro receiver's complete bag of tricks.

The Chargers throw to Alworth mostly on quick slants, down and out patterns, curls and simple fast breaks in which the essence is still speed and quickness rather than deception, but Alworth runs

*Spearhead of the Chargers is flanker Lance Alworth, a speed merchant with new breeze.*

## GUILE AND GO SHOULD WIN FOR THE CHARGERS

them with a new slickness and style. As a result, the Chargers have the most dangerous offense the AFL has ever seen.

The things the Chargers can do on offense are remarkably varied. When Backs Keith Lincoln and Paul Lowe are well—both have been injured at least part of the year—San Diego can run inside or outside with smashing effectiveness. Split End Don Norton, the league's most underrated receiver, is a master of deceptive moves and makes it difficult for defenses to double up on Alworth. Tight End Dave Kocourek, 245 pounds, is a good blocker and good receiver. And John Hadl has at last come on to take the quarterback job from veteran Tobin Rose, who has been in pain the last two years from bone chips in his right elbow. Hadl occasionally confounds his own coach, Sid Gillman, as much as he does the opposition. He has been known, for example, to run a bootleg from the San Diego one-yard line and be tackled for a safety. But he is a cunning young man who does not make the common mistake of sliding into a pattern of offensive plays that defenses can easily solve, and he has thrown few interceptions. Hadl also is a running threat on rollouts. He is bright enough to use all the weapons the Chargers have, including Alworth on that ancient but exciting maneuver, the reverse. Running it, Alworth has averaged 20 yards a carry.

Defensively, San Diego has rookies at left corner back and left linebacker and frequently at left safety when Strongside Safety Ken Graham flip-flops. But the rookies have done very well on pass coverage and are helped tremendously against the run by the presence of Left End Earl Faison. Most teams choose the other side of the San Diego defense to run against. The Chargers depend heavily on their big front four—the 262-pound Faison, 270-pound George Gross, 295-pound Ernie Ladd and 257-pound Bob Petrich—for a pass rush that lessens coverage problems for the secondary. Because of their range, strength and size, the defensive linemen deflect four to six passes per game and force opposing quarterbacks, when they do get the ball away cleanly, to throw over a forest of arms.

The Buffalo Bills, who seemed to have the Eastern championship settled until

they began to skid late in the season, are the equal of San Diego in size and probably have a better overall offensive line. But the Bills' offense is limited. They have no outside speed when rookie Bobby Smith is not in the game, which is often, and so must concentrate on the battering of Fullback Cooke Gilchrist (51, Dec. 14). Any one-man show can be stopped. The deep receiver, Elbert Dubenion, is as fast as Alworth but does not catch the ball as well, particularly when he is jostled by defensive backs. Alworth has intense concentration, often takes off-target passes away from defensive backs and grabs a number of deflected passes. Dubenion does not. Buffalo's Glenn Bass is a receiver much like Norton.

Bills' Coach Lou Saban has been starting Jack Kemp at quarterback and then switching to Daryle Lamonica as the game progresses. Kemp has a strong arm and is capable of some very hot days, but he is not a disciplined quarterback. He abandons the game plan. Lamonica, in his second season, changes the entire personality of the Buffalo offense. A rollout, possession type of quarterback, Lamonica stresses running more than Kemp does. When he is in the game, the Buffalo offense tends to become more stereotyped and transparent, but he is a good passer and has inspired the Bills to several important wins.

Defensively, Buffalo has a big, mobile, aggressive line and some good linebackers. But the Bills can be run on outside and their pass coverage is the weakest of any of the three teams that are still in the argument over the AFL championship.

The third contender, Boston, has the league's best quarterback, Babe Parilli. A campaigner of 13 seasons in the NFL, Parilli is outstanding at recognizing and picking apart defenses and is a genuine leader. On third-down plays, nearly always the most critical situations in professional football, Parilli is superior to Hadl, Kemp or Lamonica. Parilli's arm is no longer what it was in years past and he does not have the running game to remove the pressure from him, but he has produced for Boston this season. When they do try to run the ball, the Patriots block straight ahead and let Larry Garron find his own spaces to

wriggle through. Ron Burton has been injured throughout his career and is an up-and-down performer. Garron, who is also a line receiver, has to carry a preponderant share of the running responsibility, and the Patnoes are not even close to being in the same class as San Diego on the ground.

But in the air it is a different and altogether amazing matter, and one of the main reasons is Gino Cappelletti. At the University of Minnesota he was called "Gino the Snail." He is small and slow. But Cappelletti hurls defenses into a daze and then pops up so far open that it looks as if he had sneaked out of the bleachers. Defensive backs tend to think of him primarily as a field-goal kicker (with 25 goals and seven touchdowns, he has already broken his own scoring record) and they relax on him. When they do, and when Parilli can get the ball to him, Cappelletti uses a few of his shrewd fakes and is gone. To complement Cappelletti the Patriots have quick little Jim Colclough. Both run excellent patterns, short curls and slants, and get the defenses to thinking of them catching short passes. Then they break. In one recent game Cappelletti ran a succession of square-outs, then ran another square-out, took two more steps, whirled and went deep and was open by 20 yards for a touchdown. In their double-wing formation with Tony Romeo and the excellent Art Graham at tight ends and with Cappelletti and Colclough spread wide, the Patriots are deceptively dangerous.

Boston has perhaps the best defense in the league. The Patriots have played together for at least three years and react well to each other. They are aggressive, smoothly coordinated and use the blitz with shattering impact. Most AFL fans can name few individual stars on the Boston defense, but as a unit they are solid and tough.

The equalizer in the championship game—scheduled for December 26 in either Buffalo or Boston—could be the weather. On a fast, dry field—even if the temperature is low—the Chargers, despite having lost twice to Buffalo and once to Boston this year, are the better team. But in snow and ice it would be anybody's game.

END

# THE NEW DEAL AT NOTRE DAME

*Coach Johnny Dee has changed the style of basketball at South Bend and he has trained a winning team, but far more important are the steps he has taken to make it enjoyable for visitors to lose to the Irish* by **FRANK DEFORD**



In the controversy over the movie *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home!*—which Notre Dame says misrepresents Notre Dame and Hedda Hopper says is unethical—an arbiter clearly acceptable to both sides has now appeared. Johnny Dee (left) has come home to his alma mater this season to coach basketball, and already South Bend reflects the Hollywood touch.

Dee is all Notre Dame—three-fourths Irish by descent, all Irish by manner—and for genealogical or other reasons he has a flair for drama. Really, honestly, Johnny Dee sold programs in the stands one Saturday and started at quarterback for Notre Dame the next—in 1944. Basketball has never been more exciting at South Bend.

Dee inherited a team this year that was not comfortable playing in its former deliberate style. Throwing some details (like defense) to the winds, he has gotten the Irish off, running and shooting, to a 4-1 record. They are second in the country in scoring (100.8 a game) and surely lead in mistakes (24). But tactics have been only part of Dee's concern. He has also concentrated mightily on eradicating the tradition of tasteless partisanship and discourtesy to visiting teams that long characterized games at the old Notre Dame fieldhouse—an athletic facility so outmoded that Bob Hope once remarked there: "Well, I better stop now. I know you have to get the cows back in soon."

Groundbreaking for a new field house that will hold 12,000 for basketball is scheduled for the spring but, for now, there are still only 4,000 seats and 7,000 students, so that the ones that do get in are ready to yell just because they did. "I don't ever want to hold the nose down here," Dee says, "but I do want to uphold courtesy to our guests. It's my responsibility." He is serious about such principles. Once he quit the bench for three games in the old American Basketball League when the league permitted one of its teams to sign a play-

LEE BALTENHAN



er who still had some college eligibility.

Dee began his regime in October with weekly clinics for students, not just to explain the elements of strategy that he would employ but to describe the behavior he expected from them. And he and his players have set the example. Visiting team banners have been posted about the gym, and at games—for the first time—the starting lineups are introduced (Introducing visitors, in the past, probably would have set off riots.) Then the two coaches and their starting fives move toward midcourt, where the Notre Dame players present their opposites with small mementos. "Good grief," a stunned priest said as he watched the subdued crowd and the new ritual for the first time last week, "it looks just like solemn High Mass."

Dee's Irish are also the most-dressed team around, falling only three layers short of Salome's seven. On top is a large green parka, then a white flannel sweat suit with a snappy sailor's collar. Beneath these is a warmup shirt with the player's own name and, finally, the uniform. At home the uniform carries *Irish* across the chest—in gold script, with a shamrock for the dot over the second i. But the biggest conversation piece in South Bend is the gold carpet, a gift of Continental Airlines, that is rolled out on court before games. Players from both teams run out on the carpet, between matching gold stanchions, as they are introduced. "You know, when you come to a game, you expect something to happen," says Dee, "but we also want to settle the crowd down." For a final bit of therapy, *The Star-Spangled Banner* is preceded by a solemnly impressive presentation of the colors by an ROTC unit.

Dee's approach to team attitudes is reflected by his decision to cover a scoreboard in the field house that listed individual scoring. "The scoreboard put too much emphasis on the individual," he says. "I tell these kids that the only place it counts"—and he points to a team listing—"is there. In San Diego what do they know about Notre Dame? One line, in the scores. The important thing is to get on the left, where they list the winner." A couple of his players came to Dee after their win over Michigan State last week and asked, "How are we in San Diego, Coach?" "We're on the left, baby," Johnny Dee said with a smile.

Dee is an unusually erudite coach, and has been a winner in high school, college, industrial and pro ball. He has taught prelaw at Alabama, run an executive training program, tried out for the Baltimore Colts, run for the Colorado legislature and served on the mayor's cabinet in Denver. He is a member of the bar and returns to Denver in the summer where he works in the firm of Lee, Brynns, Kelly & Stanfield. "When I was coaching at Alabama," he says, in a statement that may lead to ostracism by the coaching fraternity, "I went nuts one summer. There was nothing to do. Why, I played golf—get this—131 straight days." He is absorbed by detail, even to taping his players' ankles. He shakes hands with every player who comes out of a game and hugs and practically kisses the first he can get hold of at a timeout when things are going well. This spirit of enthusiasm has spread across campus where "The Era of Ara"—for Ara Parseghian, the new football coach who brought in a 9-1 record this fall—is superseded during the basketball season by something called "Dee Era Go Bragh."

The students were at their volatile best, screaming "We're No. 1," last week, as Notre Dame routed Detroit 107-86. The score was, unfortunately, symptomatic: this team must win on its scoring power alone. With nearly all seniors as regulars, Dee has not had the time or opportunity to install a new all-

court style. He has had trouble enough in converting the players to his so-called "alley game" of power break and shoot. "The way the rules are," he says, "why not win 100-80 instead of 80-60? It's still 20 points, but a lot more fun. Sometimes I think what they really ought to do is throw 10 balls out there. Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up. What a game—I, 342-1,339 at the half!"

With just the one ball, however, the Irish can score with anyone. They had four different high scorers in their first five games—Larry Sheffield, Ron Reed, Jay Miller and Walt Sahn. Sheffield handles the ball superbly, though he dribbles too much, and Reed and Sahn are among the nation's rebound leaders. But everyone makes so many errors in adapting to the new style that Dee led off the team meeting before the Detroit game by joking about it. So the Irish came right out on the gold carpet, through the gold stanchions, disrobed over a period of time, gave away charms and promptly kicked their way behind 10-1. It took them almost 16 minutes to get even, but then, with Sheffield driving through for 37, the Irish winged on to 107 points and 25 errors. They made 20 errors two nights later, losing to Evansville, though they scored eight more field goals.

Skill, a team like this is fun to watch and no need for boos for anyone. Also, when you're in San Diego, most of the time you will find it on the left. **END**



The guests from Detroit trot out on Notre Dame's gold carpet for introduction to subdued fans.

With the Winter Olympics in Innsbruck and the summer Olympics in

# PREDICTABLE GLORIES

Sports is as universal as mankind and always has been, but seldom has this been more apparent than in 1964, a year in which the most splendid triumphs of the athletic drama were played on a stage as wide as the world. There was aging and inelegant Innsbruck, where Olympians flashed down trails that Austrian soldiers had to hand-pack with snow, and wondrous Tokyo, where world records fell amid fresh and dazzling architectural splendor. There was Busch Stadium, a scruffy place in St. Louis where a once-scruffy team emerged as a world champion, and there was a New Zealand beach where a man in a black track suit ran on black sand until he finally was so fit that he could be called a runner without equal—ever.

Yet if it was a year that accentuated the scope of sport, so too was it a year which pointed up that other perpetually stimulating aspect of athletic competition: surprise. Some favorites did prevail, but month after month an unusual share of the most memorable performances of 1964 involved new faces, new teams, men risen to new stardom and sharp changes in the established order of things.

The pattern of the year was set early, at Innsbruck, when Bob Beattie coached and coaxed his American skiers until the improbable moment came when a couple of youngsters,

Billy Kidd and Jim Heuga, won a silver and a bronze medal in the slalom. Europe's often haughty ski races were abashed, and the U.S. men's team had the first Olympic medals it had ever won. A couple of weeks later Cassius Clay, a sure talker and a sure loser, left Sonny Liston saying the only words that mattered—something like "I quit"—and became the world heavyweight champion.

College basketball saw an undersized and underrated rat pack of a team, UCLA, spend a whole season skittering around larger, more impressive foes. Their inspirational coach, John Wooden, kept telling them to enjoy the game, and by mid-March UCLA's players had enjoyed themselves to a 30-0 record and a national championship. When Bob Cousy retired it was suspected that the Boston Celtic dynasty was done and some other team in pro basketball would have at least a hope of success, but either out of respect for their departed star or just to prove their stubborn self-sufficiency, the Celtics took their sixth straight NBA title. A week after that, it was a foreigner making headlines—in this case, a horse, E. P. Taylor's pert and fleet Northern Dancer came from Canada to win the Kentucky Derby gamely and the Preakness in a prance.

At the summer Olympics (only now it was more fall than



Always in the play from the beginning of the season to the end, Ken Boyer streaks past Tim McCarver, who has just caught the foul pop-up that clinched the pennant for the Cardinals.

Tokyo, sport emphasized the international in an exciting year of . . .

## AND GRAND SURPRISES

summer) the orderly Japanese regulated everything down to the release of the last dove of peace. The sense of order continued when the incomparable U.S. swimmer, Don Scholander, whose mother once glided down jungle rivers in Turpin movies, won four gold medals. And there was order, too, when New Zealand's Peter Snell—that man in the black suit—won the esteemed 800- and 1,500-meter events with ease, a double victory which no Olympian had managed in 44 years. But who could have predicted that the Americans would arrive as distance runners? That a Bob Schul could take the 5,000 meters and that even less-known Billy Mills—seven-eighths Sioux Indian and all U.S. Marine—could win the 10,000, the least expected victory at Tokyo?

Little happened to elevate the stature of baseball through the summer and fall of 1964, what with the Yankees arriving at a dubious alliance with CBS and stripping Yogi Berra, and the Braves playing it pious in Milwaukee and cozy in Atlanta. Ungallant though the Yankees may have been with Berra, they did offer one gallant spectacle, limping Mickey Mantle, whose pride overcame his aching legs as he pushed an otherwise humdrum team to a pennant. But it was left to the St. Louis Cardinals to show why baseball is still The Game, and they did it with an improbable pennant drive

led by their dedicated team captain, a man who for years had played in the shadow of Stan Musial. Third Baseman Ken Boyer. He was the Most Valuable Player in the National League, he epitomized the professional athlete at his best and he deserved the glory that came with being the key man on a world championship team.

Pro football rediscovered John Unitas, who, thanks in part to finding some running backs around him at last, starred the Baltimore Colts out of the doldrums and on to at least a division title. College football, meanwhile, had an Alabama that was tough enough to be No. 1, a Jerry Rhone who broke an entire record book of marks at Tulsa, and a prime example of what 1964 had so much of—a shocker. Even Knute Rockne would have despaired over Notre Dame's prospects, but new Coach Ara Parseghian did not. With a new starting quarterback and a new everything else he could find, including spirit, he developed the team that was the wonder of the football season.

Now, at year's end, there emerges through this worldwide array of excellence and upsets one figure and one moment etched more distinctly than the rest, one man who most merits the title Sportsman of the Year. The story of his courage and his conquest begins on the following page.



Hall runner, half spectator, Peter Snell is as uncatchable as a mechanical rabbit. Here he tantalizes the Olympic pack while adding the 1,500-meter medal to his earlier 800-meter win.



## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR KEN VENTURI

A fallen idol who endured three years of dark despair finds the sun again with 1964's most dramatic victory BY ALFRED WRIGHT

Just a bit before 6:30 on a stormy Saturday afternoon last June, Ken Venturi, the golfer, was on the verge of winning the most prestigious event in his profession, the USGA Open Championship. At this climactic moment in his life, he was utterly exhausted. He was exhausted by the 35 holes of golf he had already played that day in the stygian heat of the Potomac Valley, and he was even more exhausted—yet buoyed, too—by the emotion of a personal victory over himself.

As he walked down the 18th fairway of Washington, D.C.'s Congressional Country Club on legs that the 100<sup>th</sup> heat had turned to taffy, his eyes downcast and his feet as dead as stones, he heard the voice of Joseph C. Dey Jr., a USGA official who was at his side. "Hold your head up, Ken," said Dey gently. "You're a champion now." Suddenly aware of himself and his setting, Venturi removed the white linen cap that has been his sartorial trademark during his eight years as a professional golfer. He raised his eyes to the scoreboard beyond the green and to the clubhouse on the hill above it. Dimly, as though through a wall of cotton, he could hear the soaring applause of the gallery that lined the fairway six deep on either side. After more than three years of humiliation and defeat, Ken Venturi had come back, and in a setting that was dripping with melodrama.

From a theatrical standpoint, there was nothing in sports in the year 1964 to equal the return of Ken Venturi, yet that is not why the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* have chosen

him Sportsman of the Year. He has been selected because his is the cruel, the ugly and eventually the inspiring story of a defeated man who refused to accept failure. It is the story of a proud and even arrogant man who had to beg to get into tournaments that he once had been begged to play in; a man whose best friend once told him to go home and learn the meaning of the word humble. It is the story of a man who found faith, particularly in himself—and of a priest who helped him.

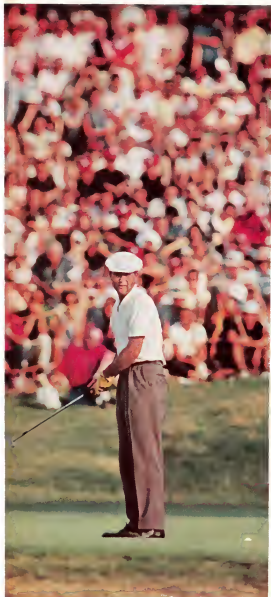
It would be no more possible to pinpoint the beginning of Venturi's comeback than to capture a moment called now. In 1960 he was the second biggest money winner on the tournament circuit. He won the Crosby in January and was sitting in the clubhouse at Augusta in April, the apparent winner of the Masters, when Arnold Palmer birdied the last two holes to take it away from him. In August he won the Milwaukee Open, the 10th tournament victory of his young career, giving him \$41,230 in earnings for the year—enough, he thought, to justify a few relaxing autumn months in his pleasant California home. It was to be almost four years before he won again, years in which his talent, his poise and his stability slipped away.

By 1963, Venturi was unwanted at big tournaments. The little ones would take him because his name looked good in the local *Gazette* and promoters knew a few people would still pay to see him—largely to whisper behind their hands, like the morbid onlookers at an

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This is the exact moment at the U.S. Open when Venturi first dared hope that his trials were over. He has just sunk a difficult 18-foot birdie putt on the 13th green during the final round to increase his lead to three strokes. Ignoring the gallery, he lifts his head in private exaltation. On the cover he is standing in front of a near-life-size reproduction of this photograph.





accident. When he showed up at the registration desk to sign in for the Sahara Invitational in Las Vegas, an official told him he was not invited. Humiliated, he returned to his hotel to pack. Only through the intervention of three old friends—the Hebert brothers and Gardner Dickinson—did the tournament officials relent.

"What Kenny went through in those years," a friend said recently, "was like a millionaire going broke." There were times when he had no idea where the ball was headed when he hit it. A shot on the 13th hole at St. Petersburg traveled more than 200 yards out of bounds. At Augusta people kept asking him what had happened to his swing. Baffled and resentful, he said he wanted to swing that way. At the Colonial National invitation in Fort Worth he was so discouraged by a first-round 80 that he deliberately turned in an incorrect scorecard to get himself disqualified. He often went back to his motel room to stare at the walls or gaze blankly at television, even when visitors were there. "Ken's flaky," people said, and they were right. But Venturi did not complain, either to the press or to his fellow pros. The latter understood his misery, and many who had never wished him a moment's good became his biggest boosters. "I'll never forget," says Dave Marr, "how he sat with us all through dinner one night after missing the cut at a tournament, and he never once talked about a shot or mentioned his bad luck. That was real class."

"I'd rather have gone 15 rounds with Marciano than play a round of tournament golf," Venturi now concedes, "but I kept going. I had to. I was losing my qualifying exemptions, and I had made it a rule that I would not go out and try to qualify for a tournament along with the ghosts of the pro tour. I began to realize how important a major championship is. Just one major championship would have been worth all 10 of my tour championships."

In 1962 Venturi won \$6,951 and finished 66th on the money list, and 1963 was even worse: his official winnings were \$3,848. There were many days that year when he stood 10 hours on the practice tee, not even stopping for lunch. His childhood stammer—which his mother thinks is the result of switching him from left- to right-handed—grew worse. She says she could detect his chin twitching frequently, a sure sign of nervous tension in Ken. He went to doctors and, ultimately, to a hypnotist, but nothing helped.

"I kept hitting balls until my hands were blistered, kept practicing, and toward the end of 1963 I began feeling pretty good about the way I was playing," Ken recalls. "I told Conni in December that we had just enough money to carry me through one more year on the tour. My contract with U.S. Royal still had a year to go, and with my savings and what I could borrow I could just make it. If I failed, I would have to find another business, and I asked Bill Varni if there was a chance I might buy into his restaurant, the Owl 'n' Turtle, in downtown San Francisco. He told

me, 'You don't want half this restaurant; 1964 is going to be your year.'"

By the first of this year Venturi's game was improving in a spectacular way. At his home club, the respectable old California Golf Club on the southern outskirts of San Francisco, he was hitting hundreds of practice shots within inches of one another. He was full of confidence—and he was trying to forget the other times in the past three years that he had also been full of confidence.

Disaster struck almost at once. His first 1964 tournament was the Los Angeles Open, and he missed the cut. As if that were not enough, he received a phone call from Jantzen, Inc. during the tournament informing him his contract to endorse the company's swimwear and sweaters was terminated, a contract that had been quite lucrative to him. He missed the cut again two weeks later at the Crosby and again at Palm Springs. "I knew it wasn't physical," he says. "It was just that when I had to hit an important shot I was backing away from it, I was scared of it. I went home to practice some more, and I told Conni then: 'It's mental.' Then I returned to the tour, and in March at Pensacola, I won \$1,100. It was my first four-figure check in two years.

"Even so, I backed off a few times when I had a big shot. I was frightened, but it wasn't as bad as before. The next week I missed the cut at St. Petersburg, and the week after that I had to plead for an invitation to Doral. They finally let me play. I won \$850 and, believe me, I really needed that money. When I left Doral, I went up to Crystal River, Fla., where there is a country club I was still representing on the tour, and waited for my invitation to the Masters. While I was there I found out that Dave Marr and Phil Rodgers had been invited, and I knew there had been only two invitations left. I was not being asked to the Masters. That was the killer. I had almost won the Masters as an amateur in 1956. I nearly had it won again in 1960. I had believed I would always be invited to the Masters. 'This is the bottom of the bottom of the barrel,' I thought. Another quarter of an inch lower and I would be out in the dirt."

Still, Venturi did not give up. Back home, he was playing a round one day with Ed Lowery, a local Lincoln-Mercury dealer who has been a kind of 16th-century patron to Venturi's golf ever since young Ken won the San Francisco city championship at the age of 17. On two occasions that day Venturi hit fairway woods better than he had in years. Lowery said nothing at the time but took him out to the 5th hole for some practice afterwards. He told Venturi to hit medium iron shots at a rake in the middle of a bunker well down the fairway. Three out of the six shots struck the rake, and the others missed by inches. Lowery then put a driver in Ken's hands and told him to swing exactly as he had when he hit the six-iron. Two flawless shots left the club and traveled 15 yards farther than Ken had been driving the ball for a long time.

These shots enabled Lowery to prove to

*continued*

WALTER DODDS JR.

The intense heat added to the melodrama of Venturi's victory. In top picture he is almost gasping as he wipes his face with an acid towel that was handed to him by a doctor. At far left, he sinks the 10-foot putt on the 18th green that gives him his first tournament win in nearly four years. At left, sweat drips from his nose and chin as he signs his scorecard.

Venturi once and for all what he had been doing wrong: he had been aiming his hips to the left to get a draw that would give him more distance, while keeping his shoulders aimed to the right to try and prevent a real hook. This had been an idea of his own, one that he had started to work on in 1960 when the specter of Palmer and Arnie's long drives began to bother him. Ken, convinced by what Lowery had demonstrated for him, began positioning himself squarely to the ball when he was set to drive, just as he had done in the days of his many victories.

A week later he went to Fort Worth to play in the Colonial National Invitational and found himself paired with Ben Hogan. Taciturn as always, Hogan spoke scarcely a word to Venturi until the end of their third round together. What he said then was brief: "Ken, what happened to your hook?" For Hogan, that was an oration on the change in Ken's style.

From then on, all Venturi needed was the courage to hit the ball properly under pressure, to "try not to steer it." He set his sights on the \$100,000 Thunderbird Classic in the first week of June. Once again it was a matter of begging his way in. "It was awful," he remembers. "The week before I had played at Indianapolis and I missed the cut by one stroke. Missing the cut meant I wasn't automatically eligible for the Thunderbird.

"That night I called Bill Jennings, the Thunderbird general chairman, to ask if he could help me get an invitation to the tournament. I knew there was one spot still open, and I told him, 'Bill, I really need this. I really believe I'm ready. If I go home now, I'll never be back on the tour. You've got to help me.' The year before at the Thunderbird I shot an 80 on the first round and got disgusted and left, so they certainly didn't owe me anything. I was scared to death they wouldn't let me in. Jennings said he would see what he could do and would call me back the next morning. I didn't sleep at all that night. The next day Bill called and said I was getting the last invitation.

"Well, on the final round I was in a position to win the tournament, and when I got to the par-3 16th on Sunday I knew that if I parred in I would finish at least third and pick up a big check. I thought about Conni, and I thought about the money and how badly we needed it. I could play the shot safe with a four-iron and make a sure bogey, or I could go for the pin with a three-iron and maybe make a birdie, but if I didn't hit it right it was going to cost me a lot of money. I said to myself, 'If you back off now, you'll back off the rest of your life.' So I took the three-iron and hit a great shot to the green and two-putted for my par. Then I birdied the 17th and almost birdied the 18th and finished in a tie for third with Casper.

"As soon as I could get to a phone, I called Conni and said I'd won \$6,250. We both sat on the phone and cried. We couldn't even talk."

**I**f you look back on the life of Ken Venturi—back through the long string of good years—you see a man who never could have dreamed that he would find himself crying with joy over a third-place finish; he had too much

promise, too glorious a future for that. Yet you also see a man whose whole adult life has been punctuated by controversy and drama. He attracts these things, as some men attract violence or wealth or loyalty. It is odd that this should be so, for Venturi's life has had all the outward fixtures of success. He is a handsome man of 33 with thick, wavy dark hair that is beginning to be salted with gray. His 6-foot frame carries 170 pounds of springy muscle. He has a wife whom other men view with envy. Conni, at the age of 30, is tall and striking, stylish and friendly. They have been married for 10 years, and she has borne him two handsome sons—Matthew, 8, and towheaded Timmy, who is 5. They live in a comfortable California ranch house on a wooded hillside in Hillsborough, the most expensive and exclusive suburb of San Francisco. Their cars are a Lincoln Continental convertible and a Mercury station wagon. They have friends galore in the San Francisco area, many of them in show business. And—once he got started as a golfer—none of this was earned with difficulty, at least in terms of man's usual struggle for success.

Yet, like almost anyone who has risen to the top of his profession, Venturi worked terribly hard to get there. His early life was the very antithesis of the one he now leads. His father, Fred Venturi, worked for a ship chandler's firm on the San Francisco Embarcadero until, at 45, he quit his job to take over the pro shop at the municipally owned Harding Park golf course. By the time he was 17, Ken was playing in national junior tournaments and working at golf. He arranged his high school classes so he could finish early enough to have a full afternoon of practice at Harding Park. He usually arrived at the golf course by 2:30 and practiced steadily until 5:30. He got home just in time for supper at 6, then went to Shaw's Ice Cream Parlor, where he served ice cream until 9:30. Saturday mornings he mowed lawns to earn another \$15 a month, and at the golf course he washed cars in the parking lot for extra cash. "I was always very frugal," he recalls with pride. "I always seemed to have a lot of jobs." Then he won the San Francisco City Golf Championship, a major event on the sports calendar in that city of enthusiastic golfers. He was the youngest player by many years ever to win the tournament.

"I really didn't hit the ball very well in those days," Venturi will now admit. "I had a bad grip, and there were a lot of things wrong with my swing, but I was a great chapper and putter. Like all kids, I didn't know what it meant to be afraid of a putt."

He went to college at San Jose State, where he earned his way by sweeping out classrooms, waited on tables in a sorority house and passed sandwiches in the press box during football games. And he kept playing lots of golf.

There was, by now, a new force at work in his life—Lowery. Lowery collected topnotch golfers the way Barbara Hutton has collected titles. He was an excellent amateur golfer in his own right, and he liked to play where the scores were low and the stakes were high. He and Venturi began to play regularly, and Venturi for the first time learned about pressure. "I got used to being where a lot of money was riding," he recalls, "and I didn't get scared off by it. I probably never had more than \$10 or \$20 of my own



on a match, but for me that was blood, and I knew that Lowery was going with me for a lot more, sometimes \$600 or \$700. We used to have some real matches in those days. I remember once one of our opponents shot a 65 and lost every bet."

In the summer of 1952, Lowery introduced Venturi to Byron Nelson, another man who was to have a profound effect on Ken's career. They played a round in San Francisco, and Venturi shot a 66. "I was kind of cocky, figuring I had really produced for someone I wanted to show off," Ken says now, "and I thought to myself, 'There's not much he can help me with!' When we got in I said, 'Well, Mr. Nelson, what do you think?'"

"I'll meet you out here tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock," Nelson replied. "There are seven or eight things you should correct."

Nelson made basic and necessary changes in Venturi's game, helping Ken develop the rhythmical swing that came to be considered as classically perfect as Hogan's. Venturi soon started moving up in the amateur golf ranks, and the years of controversy began. It was charged that Lowery's influence—and that alone—got him on the 1952 Americas Cup team and the 1953 Walker Cup team. In January of 1954 he was drafted into the Army. His assignments had a way of being close to golf courses, and this, too, attracted attention and criticism. He was eventually sent to Austria, possibly to quiet some of the talk, and he returned at the end of 1955. He was now only 24 years old, and his career had hardly begun. He went back to practicing under Nelson's eye, and in early 1956 he received an invitation to the Masters through a vote of the former Masters champions. From that moment on, he was destined to be a figure of national prominence. This was the famous Masters that Venturi led for three days. It was an informal Masters tradition then that the fourth-round leader would play with Byron Nelson, and that is how everyone assumed the pairings would read when they were posted over the mantelpiece in the Augusta clubhouse on Sunday morning. But when the large white sheet went up, Sam Snead's name was beside Ken Venturi's. Cliff Roberts and Bob Jones, who ran the tournament, had felt it would cast a shadow on Ken's victory if he were to play the final round with the man who had been his tutor. Ken shot an 80, and he lost the Masters by a stroke.

He flew back to San Francisco that night and found the press waiting for him when he disembarked. During the ensuing interview, Venturi unburdened his frustrations with a number of statements that could well have been left unsaid—or even unthought. Some San Francisco golf writers who had long felt that Venturi was too proud of Venturi put his observations in the worst possible light. "It wasn't that I didn't say what they wrote," Ken laments even today. "It's that things were not quoted completely." The gist of the story on the sports pages from coast to coast was that Venturi felt he had been unfairly treated by the tournament committee. The net effect was to make Venturi look like a crybaby, and this impression remained

in a great many minds for years. At the same time the feeling grew that Venturi was aloof, self-centered and intolerant.

"I don't think I'm that way at all," he explains now. "I admit I'm a loner at heart, and what I do I have to do by myself. When I'm on the golf course I have to think about what's ahead, what kind of shot I'm going to play next, I find the only way I can be relaxed is to keep my mind completely on the game. When I talk to people I lose my concentration, and then if I hit a bad shot or a stupid shot I get mad at myself and lose my composure. Other people, like Mike Souchak, relax when they have someone to talk to or by going over and saying hello to someone in the gallery. I just can't do that. If I see someone in the gallery and just barely nod to them, people think I'm being standoffish or something, but actually a slight nod from me is like Mike going over and giving them a big slap on the back."

In September of 1956, Venturi—now working as a golfing auto salesman for Lowery—lost a third-round match in the U.S. Amateur Championship to Bob Roos. Roos was a wealthy San Francisco clothing-store executive who belonged to the Lowery golfing clique, and Venturi had played with him hundreds of times in the past. "After Roos beat me," Ken recalls, "I went home and began to think to myself, if I can give Bob Roos two strokes a side and beat him every time we play and then lose to him in the National Amateur, then I could go the rest of my life and never win the Amateur. I thought, 'What the hell am I doing?' My life was neither one thing nor the other. When I was working all day I wasn't practicing golf, and when I was practicing golf I wasn't selling cars." Lowery finally forced the situation to a climax by offering to make Venturi a gift of a company, Lake Merced Motors.

"I can't do that, Ed," Venturi told him.

"What are you going to do?" Lowery asked.

"I'm going to turn pro," Venturi replied, surprising himself by the suddenness of his decision. "I knew by then how tough being a touring pro was, that it can be Heartbreak Hill," Venturi says. "But I was determined to test myself."

The testing was fast, and the harvest was lush. In the U.S. Open of 1957 he finished in a tie for sixth and won \$840. For eight straight weeks after that he made money. At St. Paul he was 22 under par for four rounds, winning the tournament and its \$2,800 purse. The next week he was 13 under par for four rounds in Milwaukee, and he won again. Another \$6,000 went in the bank. When he headed for home he had won more than \$18,000.

The next year, 1958, was even better, with four victories; 1959, with only two wins, was a slight recession, and 1960 was the most lucrative year of all, one that would have included the long-awaited Masters victory but for Palmer's come finish. "Another Byron Nelson. The next Ben Hogan. Better than Sam Snead," the papers said. Ken was tuned in but thanks he was not seriously affected. "I tried not to let what people wrote impress me," he says.

Ed Lowery remembers it differently. "The changes were not for the better," says Lowery. "Kenny" continued

had tremendous success, but he was not able to handle it. I had people come up to me and say, 'Ed, you're a friend of mine, and I know how you feel about Venturi, but I hope the s.o.b. shoots 100.'

"Kenney thought he knew all the answers, that he knew more golf than anyone else around. He might even have resented the fact that everyone said he was the creation of Byron Nelson. I don't know. Anyway, Kenney decided he had to lengthen his tee shot, so he took a more closed position. He thought he had to hook the ball in order to hit it as far as Palmer. He wouldn't listen to anybody. He wouldn't listen to Nelson anymore, and Byron was hurt. I remember one time I said to him, 'Kenney, have you got a dictionary at your house? Go home and look up the word humble—h-u-m-b-l-e, humble. You have no idea of the meaning of the word.' Oh, he was sore at me. He didn't even speak to me for a while after that."

It may have been the new hook, or it may have been something else, but Venturi stopped winning. Then, early in 1962, he suffered a strange injury. It happened during the fourth round of the Palm Springs Golf Classic. He was picking the ball out of the hole on the 10th green when suddenly he felt as if someone had put a stiletto in his chest. He managed to finish the round, but the next day he had to withdraw and go home.

For weeks thereafter Venturi could not raise his right hand high enough to comb his hair. Although doctors could find nothing specific, they tried cortisone and X ray and whirlpool baths and deep heat. Venturi kept playing, but his swing was short, flat and fast. "The faster I swing, the quicker it will be over," he told himself. Eventually the pain left him, but his swing was a shambles and so, in a sense, was Ken Venturi. He was a man not used to needing help or asking for it—and he did not ask now. In fact, he refused it. The unhumble loner, he fought by himself to try to regain his physical and mental composure in a sport that puts great demands on both. And so the bad months and the bad years stormed upon him; and that is how he ended up weeping happily over a third-place finish at the Thunderbird last June.

Two days after the Thunderbird Venturi shot a 77-70, passing 45 others who were ahead of him after the morning round, to qualify for the U.S. Open in Washington. Conna flew in from California to join him.

On Wednesday night, the eve of the U.S. Open, Venturi decided he would like to spend a few minutes at church. He and Conna found the nearby Catholic church locked, but through a window Ken saw a priest sitting in the rectory office, and he rang the bell. The priest opened the door for the Venturis, turned on the lights, and Ken remembers praying "not for anything specific, like a victory. I was just asking God to please give me faith in myself."

On Thursday morning Venturi teed off early in a pairing with George Bayer and Billy Maxwell. Two practice rounds had given him nothing but respect for the Congressional course. "It was the longest and toughest thing I ever saw," Ken says. "I had already decided that a 285 would have

to win it. It was such a tough course that you didn't dare back off a shot. I was pretty pleased when I shot a 72."

After finishing his round he collected some mail that was waiting for him. It included a letter from Father Francis Kevin Murray, then an assistant pastor at the St. Vincent de Paul church in the Marina district of San Francisco, who had taken an interest in Ken. "I could tell the troubles Ken was going through," says the priest, "sort of like reading between the lines. He didn't say anything, but I knew pretty much how he felt. Sometimes when Ken was away, I would send him a telegram just to let him know I was thinking of him and appreciated our friendship, that I believed he could succeed."

Father Murray's letter—six pages long—said, among many things, "I truly think you are ready. . . . You are at peace with yourself. You respect yourself. You are truly the new Ken Venturi, born out of suffering and turmoil but now wise and mature and battle-toughened."

"When I got the message clearly fixed in my mind," Ken says, "I began to realize what had been making me back off. I felt now that after two years of trouble I really was at last wise and mature and battle-toughened. I felt at peace with myself, and I felt I could cope with anything."

Venturi shot a splendid even-par 70 on his second round, but his fourth-place standing was obscured by the almost unbelievable round of 64 that Tommy Jacobs came in with on the same day. Anyway, people had long since written off Ken Venturi as the likely winner of a big championship. Ken trailed Jacobs by six strokes and Arnold Palmer by five, but as he arrived at the club early Saturday morning he told a friend, "I feel great." He must have, for the score he shot on Saturday morning through the first nine holes of one of the most difficult courses ever to entertain a major championship looks, in retrospect, as if it might have been dreamed rather than played—3-4-3-3-4-3-4—five birdies and four pars for a 30. Instead of backing off shots he was ramming even the longest irons over the edges of Congressional's big traps and right to the pin. Some of the shots were so risky that even-bolder Arnold Palmer played them a little safe. It seemed lunacy not to, but Venturi hit for the pins like a golfer gone berserk. Birdie followed birdie. The temperature was over 100° as Ken began the second nine holes. Having eaten very little breakfast and having neglected to take any salt tablets, he soon became dehydrated. With three holes still to play in his morning round, he began to suffer from heat prostration. His hands shook, and he could scarcely hold his putter. Even so, he needed only pars on the 17th and 18th holes to tie Jacobs' course record of the day before. He bogeyed each, however, missing a four-foot putt at the 18th, but his exceptional 66 had brought him within two strokes of Jacobs, who was still the leader.

Ken was too ill to eat any lunch. A doctor was summoned, and he made Venturi lie down in the rear of the locker room while restoring the liquid in his system with the aid of salt and iced tea. He played the last 18 holes accompanied by a doctor carrying a thermos of iced tea, and with towels dipped in ice water around his neck. Few people who knew Venturi's condition thought he



It is a tender moment in the Venturi family as Marjorie Conn and Timmy sit happily with the new U.S. Open champion, father Bill Venturi, at home.

would be able to complete his afternoon round. When Conn was asked by reporters in the press room if she thought he could make it, she replied, "If he doesn't, he'll die trying."

"She was right," Ken said later. "Literally, I was going to make it if I had to die in the effort. If I didn't make it I was out of golf. I had failed too often before. That last round became my whole life."

Venturi cannot yet describe that last 18 holes on Saturday afternoon in a normal tone of voice. "The 66 in the morning was great and all that," he says, "but the 70 in the afternoon overshadowed it a thousand times. I really never knew where I was. Like a robot, I just kept going, going, going. The pss at the end of each hole looked like a telephone pole. All I could see was that pin. I would just keep moving from the tee to the ball to the green. The ball kept on going straight and I would follow it."

"At the end of the 9th hole, where I sank a birdie putt, Joe Dey said to me, 'There's the scoreboard over there if you want to know how you stand,' and I said, 'Joe, I don't want to know.'"

"Ray Floyd, who was playing with me, was a terrific help. I holed a very tough birdie putt at 13—a critical shot—and I guarantee Ray must have jumped six feet in the air. I could just feel his encouragement. I parred 15, 16 and 17. I can't describe how I felt on 18. I hardly knew where I was. After I hit my tee shot, I asked Bill Hoelke, a friend of

mine, 'How do I stand?' He said, 'All you gotta do is stay on your feet. You're four strokes ahead.' It was like a miracle or something. And then I hit that last putt, and it broke into the hole. I dropped my putter, and the only words that came out were 'My God, I've won the Open.'"

There followed the wild confusion and congratulations that always attend such peaks in sports drama, and it was not until late that evening that Ken called home and talked to his son Matthew. Now, it is not in the nature of small boys to understand lean years or hard times, and some months before Matthew had been pleading for a swimming pool in the backyard. "You can have it if I win the Open," Ken told him, taking what was surely a safe way out. When Matthew finally got on the phone that emotion-filled night last June he asked his father, "Is this the Open you meant?"

The pool is in now, and landscaped, a luxury that will consume a sizable part of the Open champion's winning purse of \$17,000. And the fact that it is there says a great deal about the new Venturi and his belief in himself. He is confident of success at last. He went on from the Open to win two other tournaments and more than \$60,000 this year, and he feels he is only just beginning to play the kind of golf he is capable of. He laughs when he quotes his friend and staunchest backer, Ed Lowery, who said at a victory dinner in San Francisco: "Ken has won the U.S. Open—four years behind schedule."

END

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

# THE NEW WAVE IN SPORTS

**I**F THERE is one sure way to be wrong about the future, it is to be conservative about the American capacity for growth. Back in 1939, for instance, the General Motors exhibit at the then New York World's Fair predicted that the number of automobiles in the U.S. would increase from 26 million to 38 million by 1960, or by almost 50%. That was considered an extravagant and fanciful forecast, but the actual number of cars in 1960 turned out to be more than 61 million—the increase alone was nine million more than the number of cars that existed in 1939. Again, in 1951 the Civil Aeronautics Administration estimated optimistically that domestic air travel would soar in nine years from nearly 10 billion to 18 billion passenger miles. The actual mileage total in 1960 was more than 30 billion.

In short, it seems almost impossible to be too far out about the future. The point is stressed because some of the forecasts that follow in this article about sports in the next decade or two may seem farfetched and even foolish. But they are based not on fantasy but on hard facts, on evident statistics, on trends already in existence.

A number of generalizations may be made about the immediate future:

- Sports will continue to boom and boom and boom and will play an increasingly larger role in American life. The simple facts are that more and more people will be earning more and more money and will have more leisure time. The population of the U.S. now stands close to 200 million. By 1980 it will be 260 million, and at the turn of the century, only 35 years from now, it will approach 350 million. As the population grows, the work week shrinks. In 1900 the standard work week was 60 hours, in 1930 it was 48 hours and in 1964 it was 39 hours. In 1976, so calculates the Bureau of Labor Statistics, it will be 36 hours and in the year 2000 only 32. By then Americans will have 500 billion more hours of leisure time than they now have. Sports is an obvious way of passing that time.

- The public purchase of sporting goods will continue to grow at a rapid rate. According to Richard E. Snyder, consulting economist to the National Sporting Goods Association and other organizations, sales of selected goods totaled a mere \$167 million in 1933. By 1943, a war year, annual sales had doubled to \$329 million. After World War II ended, sales more than doubled again, to \$754 million in 1946. In 1964 sales reached \$2.6 billion, almost four times the 1946 figure, and in another 10 years should near \$4.5 billion. The average annual growth rate for sporting-goods sales is 5.3%, which is greater than that of the gross national product.

- Technological advances will widen and deepen sporting activities in the next decade. American sports grew out of

the industrial boom of the late 19th century, and they have traditionally depended upon technological innovations—from gutta-percha golf balls to automatic pinspotters—for stimulus. By 1974 sports will have benefited greatly from space-age research. Indeed, space-age products are with us already. The firm of G. T. Schjeldahl in Northfield, Minn., which was awarded the contract to build the inflatable Echo satellites, has developed inflatable plastic packets the size of a rolled-up tent which can be blown up to cover and winterize an outdoor swimming pool. Texas Instruments has speculated about designing an unlosable golf ball that would contain a tiny transmitter that would send out signals from the wildest rough. It would be impossible for a golfer to damage the transmitter no matter how vicious his swing—after all, it was built for impact on the moon.

- Technological advances in communications will help foster a more intensive internationalization of sports. A prime TV attraction in a few years may well be the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet live from Moscow. Bill MacPhail, vice-president in charge of sports for the Columbia Broadcasting System, says the chances are 50-50 that CBS will be able to do a complete live telecast of the 1966 Carling Open in Great Britain, and by 1968 the networks will be able to deliver instant coverage of sporting events from any place on earth.

- Travel will also further internationalization. Already it is responsible for a considerable cross-fertilization of cultural interests and sports. A great number of Latin Americans are now playing in the major leagues (both the National and American league batting champions are Latins), and the San Francisco Giants had a Japanese pitcher last season. A couple of months ago the Cincinnati Reds signed an Italian infielder. The process is beginning to work in reverse. When American baseball professionals reach the end of a major league career they hop a jet to Japan and the waiting Osaka Hawks. Other sports, too, keep spreading from country to country. Judo and karate have become highly popular outside Japan, and the American games of volleyball and table tennis are the rage of Asia. ("My theory," says Sociologist Reuel N. Denney of the Institute of American Studies of the University of Hawaii's East-West Center, "is that volleyball was spread to southeast Asia by airline crews. Now people like the Indonesians want Peace Corps athletic instructors so they can build up their ability in Western athletics.")

- Participant sports will overshadow spectator sports in the next decade, and it is highly unlikely that any new major spectator sport will emerge within the foreseeable future. Baseball, the so-called national game, is likely to recede even more in relative popularity. This trend toward par-

ticipant sports became apparent in the mid-1930s. In 1934 the National Recreation Association studied the leisure-time activities of a large number of Americans. Most of the people studied were sedentary. They listened to the radio, they watched games, they went to the movies, they read. But, apparently, what they really wanted to do was be active themselves. They wanted to be able to play golf, to go swimming and to sail. These desires became reality after World War II, as documented by Economist Snyder's figures. Even though attendance rose rapidly, participation in sports grew even more quickly, and as of today Americans spend 10 times as much on participant sports as they do on spectator sports. This overwhelming interest in participation is confirmed by the findings of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, established by Congress in 1958. According to the ORRRC, participation in outdoor recreation alone will just about double itself by 1976, and then it will double itself again by the year 2000. In 1960 there were 474 million of what the ORRRC calls outdoor summer "occasions" by Americans. By 1976 there will be 825 million such occasions and by the turn of the century 1.6 billion. By contrast, attendance at outdoor sports events will reach only 416 million occasions by 2000. (Such figures, of course, exclude what one might term television occasions. But it is worth noting that the amount of money spent each year in this country on sporting goods exceeds the total annual advertising revenues of the country's three big TV networks.)

- Although participant sports will grow, some will not grow as much as others. There is remarkable agreement, for instance, that bowling may have reached its crest. Richard Snyder says, "Bowling has had its period of dramatic growth. It's holding its own, but there isn't much new to report about it." The participant sports that will grow seem to be those that combine the outdoors, the "family ethic" and excitement. Skiing and fishing, for example. More and more, family participation is playing a key role in the popularity of sports. "The American emphasis on the small family unit has created a set of strong emotional ties among its members, and thus a familism of a new type has emerged that will increase in importance in the decades to come," Columbia Sociologist William J. Goode wrote in an ORRRC study report, *Trends in American Living and Outdoor Recreation*. "Outdoor recreation permits family members to be together while permitting each member to synchronize only loosely with the others."

One indoor sport that seems certain of growth is billiards. It has become solidly rooted in the family ethic. According to Economist Snyder, billiard supplies and equipment have a growth rate of 14%, one of the highest in sports. *continued*

In 1964 billiard sales totaled \$19 million; in 1974 they should account for \$47 million in expenditures.

- Sports will become safer and easier as Americans seek more and more family participation. In the next decade improved safety bindings should all but nullify the chance of broken legs in skiing (in the last decade, the broken-leg rate declined 95%), and bigger and better lifts are almost certain to make skiing all thrill and no work. Americans want excitement, but they want it without sweat. The golf-cart mentality is upon us. Already biologists at the Illinois State Natural History Survey have bred a special race of stupid fish, unable to resist a lure even when cast, one assumes, by the most stupid fisherman.

- Family interest in sports will remake living patterns. The golf-course housing project is a reality. More than 100 such developments are under construction in 26 states, and the future promises more. Similar projects, with skiing or boating or flying as the motif, are in the planning stage or already being developed.

**W**ITHOUT DOUBT the greatest growth in sport in the next 10 years will come in water-based sports, such as swimming (the most popular sports activity in the country, according to the ORRRC, which counted 33 million participants), boating, skin diving, surfing, water skiing and fishing. The economic kingpin is boating. In 1964 Americans spent \$650 million on boats; in 1974 they will spend \$1.2 billion. In some areas ownership of a pleasure boat is no longer a gratifying luxury; it has become—as owning a TV set became a dozen years ago—a necessity.

The boat boom is everywhere. The highways of arid states like Nevada and Texas are jammed on holidays with boaters hauling their craft to the nearest navigable water. The number of artificial reservoirs and impoundments has increased prodigiously, and within a few years' time the acreage of man-made waters in the U.S. may exceed that of natural waters, including the Great Lakes. With an assist from the boat trailer, garages are fast becoming boathouses, and there is a profusion of "boatels" to aid, succor and comfort the amateur navigator. Waterfront overcrowding is inevitable, and the mooring problem albeit gives every sign of becoming as critical as the parking problem on land. Additional legislation seems inevitable to bring some order to the ultimate chaos. The likelihood now is that boats will become more and more standardized and more and more specialized. As molded plastic becomes the definitive building material, improving mass-production techniques will serve to make more and better low-cost, one-design boats. As these one-design, mass-production techniques take over, the specialized skills of the oldtime adz-welding shipwright will become too rare and too precious for all save a few favored yachtsmen. Even now, tradition-conscious

sailmakers find it unprofitable to cut a sail for one rich yachtsman when their computers can hunt over the job of perfecting the curves in the identical sails of a new one-design fleet.

The sporting byproduct of standardization will be an increase in competitive boating at every level. This trend is obvious already in day-class boats like the Lightning, Comet, Snipe and Thistle, and in the near future it will spread to the open sea.

More standardization will lead, paradoxically, to greater specialization, inasmuch as there will be no such thing as the all-round boat. A boat, especially a mass-production boat, is built for a specific purpose, speed, comfort or seaworthiness. Long ago powerboats reached the point where a choice had to be made between speed and comfort. Where speed is of the essence, power will be provided by gas turbines, lightweight diesels and more efficient water jets. But the speed at which a boat can be pushed through the water is limited by physical law. To make a boat go faster, you must lift it, or most of it, right out of the water—like hydroplanes, hydrofoils and Hydroskimmers. (This raises a question of semantics: When is a boat not a boat but a plane?) The main effort in powerboating will be to make boats that will hold together under hideous punishment.

Where comfort is essential, the future will be limited only by the imagination of interior decorators and the advances in electronics. Future developments not only will provide hi-fi diversion for the bored skipper's wife but will, through sophisticated gadgetry, allow the skipper himself, even if he is the rankst novice, to navigate waters that would have befuddled a Phoenician.

Fishing is going to change drastically in the next decade. Natural trout streams will become a thing of the past, like clipper ships or plains buffalo. They will exist, but barely. And those that survive will be for fly-fishing only with all caught trout returned to the water. In brief, angling for trout will become a ceremonial ritual, like a Kabuki dance. Replacing trout in the fisherman's take-home catch—the trend is not new—are the so-called warm-water fishes, the black bass, panfish, pike and walleye. Earlier this year at the American Fisheries Society convention, Raymond E. Johnson, of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife told biologists to forget about trout and concentrate on bass and the like. Not enough is known of the warm-water fishes and, although water acreage will increase at a rapid rate, the catch rate must double and more for every new acre. Why? Because the number of fishermen is growing at an even faster rate than the water acreage. By the year 2000, there will be a minimum of 60 million anglers, and if they are to go home happy the total catch rate will have to jump from the current 17 to 35 pounds per acre. "As things stand now, we need a knockout to get a draw," Johnson said wistfully. To meet the vastly increased demand for fish to catch, exotic species, such as the fast-growing tropical

tilapia now being stocked in the South, will be introduced. In the north, striped bass probably will be stocked in freshwater ponds and lakes. The striped may prove to be the game fish needed to replace useless pounds of dull carp and stunted panfish.

While fishing will grow, hunting will level off. Prime hunting land is disappearing. The crush of a burgeoning population is too much, and although second-growth farmland in suburban areas is conducive to deer—there are more deer in the U.S. today than there were before the white man arrived—hunting with a rifle or even a shotgun is simply too dangerous in built-up areas. It is just about impossible to hunt within a 50-mile range of New York City, though game is abundant.

Even in wild areas, more and more land is being fenced off from the public. In upper Michigan, for instance, the closure of land to public hunting increased 326% between 1929 and 1960. The ORRRC study on hunting notes, "How nearly complete the process of closure is in some [Michigan] counties is shown by the following: in Montmorency the closure is complete; in Alcona privately owned wildland is 66.4% of the total wildland and 56.2% is fenced. . . . Such counties have large acreages of privately owned wildland, but only about 10 to 20% is open to the public." The trend now in hunting is toward admission-fee preserves. In addition to standard American game, the hunter is offered the chance to bag an exotic, such as an oryx or Barbary sheep.

Still and all, firearms and ammunition sales are expected to increase from the present \$283 million to \$325 million by 1974 because, Economist Snyder believes, of added interest in trap and skeet shooting. There is also rapidly growing interest in archery, which should swell from \$38 million in sales to \$87 million 10 years hence. Archers can often hunt where riflemen may not; moreover, archery has gained impetus with the opening of indoor target ranges.

Camping will continue to surge in the next 10 years. Here the family ethic is deeply involved. Sociologist Goode noted that most of the 10.4 million Americans who went camping in 1962 did so in family units. The trend in camping now is toward more luxurious equipment, and the only danger Economist Snyder sees is that camping "might be carried to the point where there is a backlash—simply because people might tire of carrying so much capital goods into the woods."

**W**INTER SPORTS should continue to grow. Snyder is particularly enthusiastic about hockey. "I expect a sharp increase," he says. "The game has color and speed and if you're interested in a little brutality it'll give you that, too." Skating will change more in terms of facilities than in terms of the sport itself. As an boat hulls, no

further development in ski design is anticipated, and the skis of the future will look much as they do today. The materials, however, will change. Just as hickory gave way to metals, so metals are giving way to plastic. One Austrian firm, Kneissl, has developed a plastic ski—made out of the same material, the firm says, that is used in rockets. Another plastic test ski took 28 million flexings and broke only under a one-and-a-half-ton stress.

The major changes in skiing will be the resorts themselves. The old joke about building an indoor mountain for skiing is reality—there is such a mountain in Japan, which has the world's largest ski population, and a similar project is being drawn up for southern California. Sepp Ruschp of Stowe, Vt. talks about villages springing up at the base of mountains hundreds of miles from cities, all-weather link-belt escalators carrying skiers on short lifts, huge triple-chair lifts and gondolas carrying thousands of skiers up to the peaks, dozens of trails of different kinds, huge machines that are able to till packed snow the way a farmer tills his land. That is Ruschp's conservative view of the short-range future. And, indeed, much of it is happening already. "No one can even dream what skiing will be like in 50 years," he says.

No one but Walter Schoenkecht of Mount Snow, perhaps. Schoenkecht still hopes that the Atomic Energy Commission will let him use nuclear devices to retaylor the Vermont terrain. In the meantime, he is going ahead with immediate plans that smack of science fiction. Mount Snow is planning 21 double-chair lifts, six aerial tramways (some, a thousand feet above the ground, that will make peak-to-peak spans) and six gondolas. "Huge capacity is what everyone will try for," says Schoenkecht. "There will be a tremendous growth in skiing as people have more leisure time and the interstate highways are completed. The national average shows a growth of 10% or 15% yearly in the ski business, but I think that is conservative. It may be 20% a year."

"There will be more families skiing, including school-age children who will come to spend entire vacations. Winter-type chalet homes for weekends and vacations in summer are springing up, and entire villages are developing around ski areas. All kinds of supporting facilities for summer and winter recreation will develop. Golf courses, tennis courts, horseback riding, swimming, lakes—all will be developed or created." Schoenkecht is already developing six independent areas for skiing at Mount Snow. Five new hotels, complete with golf courses, are being built, and Schoenkecht is designing a "fantastic fountain" that will ice the shores of a 12-acre lake. He figures he has moved 100,000 cubic yards of earth just to improve one ski basin. More land is waiting to be moved; all he needs is that atom bomb.

Atom bomb or not, science continues to help spread the range of sport. Here the achievements of the *continued*

space industry have great relevance. The Manned Spacecraft Center has devised a liquid-cooled thermal undersuit that enables the wearer to withstand extremes of temperature either in water or on land. Dr. John Billingham, who helped develop the suit, spent an hour in 27° water and emerged without a goose bump. Last July, Racing Driver Bobby Isaac wore the suit in the Daytona 400, in which he finished second to A. J. Foyt. The temperature inside the car soared to a blistering 140°, but Isaac was not in the least fatigued. The suit should reduce late-race wrecks that occur when a driver loses his alertness. Another scientist at the Manned Spacecraft Center, Matt Rudnitsky, has designed a life raft for astronauts that may become the fisherman's or duck hunter's favorite. It is a one-man raft of aluminum and nylon that is just about impossible to capsize. Uninflated, it is cigarette-pack size. This raft can be marketed commercially for less than \$40. Already the creams, ointments and repellents used by NASA are available to the public. Specially developed for Project Mercury was a compact water purifier weighing only eight ounces. It is now on the market for \$13.95.

Meanwhile the plastic industry has moved ahead with radical developments of its own, such as Corfam, devised by Du Pont. A man-made polymeric material with one million pores to the square inch, it has the apparent virtue of not wearing out or scuffing. Corfam shoes and other products have been so successful that Du Pont's main problem is not in finding new uses for the material but in getting enough of the stuff into production to meet the demand. Du Pont has already supplied sporting-goods manufacturers with Corfam for testing baseballs, footballs and softballs. Corfam also is being tested in golf-club and tennis-racket grips, and a "successful" jockey (not otherwise identified) used a Corfam saddle for 200 races. The jock spoke highly of Corfam's quality before sending the saddle back to the lab, where it was torn apart and analyzed. Similar analyses were conducted on Corfam baseball shoes worn by the Phillies during the 1963 season. (Bob Carpenter, the Phillies' owner, is a member of the Du Pont family.) Corfam golf shoes are on sale in shops, and they show a remarkable resistance to wetting and cracking. Their light weight is another plus. The day seems not far off when a jockey rides hell-for-Corfam, or a halfback totes the Corfam for a touchdown or a hitter belts the Corfam out of the old ball park (unless the park has a lid on it).

As man seeks to control the elements within the artificially created environment of his clothing, he will also be able to travel easily into regions that cannot now be reached by standard means of transportation. There are any number of devices already in use—ranging from the Bell Aero-systems Company's rocket belt (page 47) to Francis Rogallo's "Flying Handkerchief," developed for NASA—but the one that gives the most practical promise is the gyrocopter, the "flying motorcycle" (page 48). "It's here!" exults

Igor Bensen of the Bensen Aircraft Corp., Raleigh, N.C. "It can be flown anywhere. It's the average man's flying machine." Last July 4 Bensen staged the annual meeting of the Popular Rotocraft Association, and more than 700 gyrocopter enthusiasts attended. Thirty of them had built their own machines, and officials of the Federal Aviation Agency were awed. The FAA has issued special licensing requirements for the gyrocopter, simply three takeoffs and three landings. (But the FAA also casts a dim eye on the somewhat starry-eyed notion that it can be flown anywhere. There are rules.)

"It's within the economic reach of the average citizen," says Bensen. "It costs about \$3 an hour to operate our machine, about the same as an automobile. It gives you the freedom of a bird. You don't have to confine yourself to a quarter-mile strip, but you can fly all over the country and land anywhere. People can rediscover the country. Human activities tend to cling to the roads and highways, and 90% of the country hasn't yet been seen. It's a new form of hiking. A gyrocopter can be mounted on floats as well as wheels, for fishing in hard-to-reach places. A fellow in Minnesota mounted his on snow skis, and he says it's real sport. A gyrocopter can take off in as little as 300 feet, and it won't spin or stall. It just floats down like a parachute. Like any new device, it will take up to 17 years to become popular with the American public. We have been in business 11 years, the gyrocopter has been on the market six years and people are just becoming aware of it."

• Technological advances also give exciting promise to the future of stadiums, but promise is about all they give. The great Italian architect Pier Luigi Nervi, designer of the striking Palazzo and Palazzetto dello Sport in Rome, talks excitedly of domed stadiums with translucent roofs that can be quickly rolled over in case of rain. Domed stadiums for spectator sport may have immediate promise in Europe, which lags about 20 years behind the U.S. in leisure-sports activities, but the outlook here is much more dim. Two years ago Nervi sketched just such a stadium for the Boston Patriots of the American Football League, but the stadium remains nothing more than an architectural plan. Aside from the impressive new stadium that will open in Houston next spring, domed stadiums are highly unlikely in the U.S. in the next decade except to cover practice areas, miniature golf courses, tennis courts, outdoor ice rinks and the like. And in these instances inflatable materials, part of the feedback from the space program, are more likely to serve than sliding or translucent roofs. The simple reason is that the costs for inflatables are low, whereas erection of a new stadium with a special roof requires too much capital outlay. And spectator sports are reaching the point in the U.S. where TV and radio revenue are as important as the live gate.

This is not to say that spectator sports are positively on the wane, but relatively speaking they have lost ground



to participant sports. For instance, major league baseball attendance seems to have stabilized at around 22 million a year, and there is no reason to expect that this figure will increase drastically in the next decade. There are any number of reasons for this: there have been too many fickle franchise shifts, the TV policy has been suicidal, the tempo of the game itself became increasingly slow at a time when the public taste was for increased action and there are too many other competing interests. All these factors show in the comparatively slow sales growth of baseball goods. In 1964 Americans spent \$76 million on bats, gloves and balls, and by 1974 they are expected to spend only \$114 million, not much for the "national game." Economist Snyder says, pessimistically, "I foresee the possibility that sales of baseball goods may not attain the projected figure for 1974."

Like baseball, basketball drifts. It suffers from too many weaknesses. On TV it has been "overexposed." And, as George D. Stoddard, then executive vice-president of New York University, wrote in the ORRRC report on *Trends in American Living and Outdoor Recreation*, "It is a game best suited to persons with glandular anomalies. It is much too easy. Through incessant scoring, basketball for the spectator involves more neck turning and listening to whistle tooting than anything else. Worst of all, no one us yet has been able to keep gamblers and gangsters out of organized basketball, the game is highly vulnerable to manipulation." To many people the gap between the end of the football season and the beginning of baseball is Dullsville—except for hockey. Basketball is so incapable of filling it on TV that, says Bill MacPhail, "last year we talked very seriously of starting a ski league, in which you'd have something like Aspen vs. Sugarbush."

**H**ORSE RACING, which offers an outlet for gambling, will continue to burgeon, and football grows as both a spectator and participant sport. NYU's Stoddard sees alumni pressures and the huge capital investment in existing stadiums as basic supports for college football. "What endures," he writes, "is the mighty Saturday spectacle of 'the great game.' For many, football is the spectator sport par excellence. . . . I do not quarrel with this view; in fact, considering the few colorful spectacles remaining on the American scene, I am inclined to share it."

In professional football, sponsor pressure ultimately will force a championship game between the NFL and AFL. There is sponsor pressure on the NFL right now to go to the two-point conversion. It adds excitement, therefore the sponsors want it. It is highly unlikely that the networks will lose control of pro ball to pay-TV. Pay-TV, which was just outlawed in California, is still at least five years away. That is the trouble with pay-TV: it always has been "five years

away." On the field itself pro players will be even bigger. Within 10 years defensive lines should average about 290 pounds. (The defensive line of the 1940 Chicago Bears averaged 220 pounds; today the L.A. Rams have a line that averages 250 pounds more than that and stands 6 feet 5 inches tall. It appears that football, too, is becoming a game for glandular anomalies.) In years past there have been any number of predictions, some of them supposedly solidly based on sociological studies of the American character, that soccer, lacrosse and perhaps even Rugby would be likely to become popular spectator sports. Any such thinking now is highly unrealistic, since the hunger for spectator sports has reached the saturation point. What's more, these sports are unfamiliar to Americans and thus lack the sense of immediacy and identification that spectators demand of a contest. For the last five years various sports spectacles have been televised, and it is worth noting which sports shows draw the best and worst Nielsen ratings. The lacrosse program, a savage rouser between Army and Navy, ranked 73rd out of 75 sports spectacles. Soccer and Rugby were 74th and 75th. As a result, there are no plans for these sports for at least the next couple of years. Although one program may seem a flimsy basis for such long-range non-planning, that is the way TV operates. By contrast, the sports spectacles which did so well, such as auto racing, fishing, track and field and surfing, will be programmed more and more. Indeed, CBS is thinking of a regular program on surfing.

Finally, the immediate future will see an intensive application of science to competitive sports, to the athlete in competition. Consider track and field. Shotputters, discus throwers and pole vaulters discuss their specialties like physicists; thrust, propellant, trajectory are terms as much in use on the infield of a track meet as they are at an experimental missile site. Runners have become physiologists, fascinated by blood chemistry, oxygen debt, adrenaline supply. Ten years ago Roger Bannister conducted experiments in fatigue by running in place on a treadmill; now the Russians have developed an electronic device to study swimmers in action, and presumably its application (and that of similar devices) will spread to other sports. The relation of diet to performance, especially among track athletes, is being studied more and more carefully. Since, historically, track-and-field records improve about 4% every 16 years, today's world records will be as obsolete by the end of the next decade as Gunder Hagg's astounding performances of the 1940s are today. By 1980 an as yet unknown Robert Hayes will have run 100 yards in 8.9 seconds, and some 4-year-old toddler who paid no attention at all to the 1964 Olympic Games will be a 20-year-old speedster running the mile in 3:47. These are both conservative projections. Indeed, as we look back 10 or 20 years from now at the early '60s it will seem as though we lived in Victorian times. The true modern age of sport is only beginning.

# Get Set, Folks, Here Comes Tomorrow

*Is everybody ready? The far-out and yet-to-be ideas shown on these pages are the stuff Buck Rogers' dreams were made on—yet some are as close as television was 20 years ago. Kids who read Buck then have grown up and are really flying without wings and setting up housekeeping under the sea. The physicists are neck and neck with the fantasists, and by the time today's kindergarten crowd is in college this will be the face of the world around us*

---

*YOUR OWN POCKET ROCKET will be smaller and lighter than the back-pack demonstrated here, once new fuels are developed. With it you can fly up mountains to ski down, or leave the office by the window.*





THE CADABOUT FLYING MACHINE actually is available right now, in Bensen Aircraft's one-man Gyrocopter. It is sold



in a do-it-yourself kit for \$735. If you put it together right you will have a 250-pound, 72-hp craft that

will take you to golf dates up to 100 miles away and bring you back to a landing on your own lawn.



"43 NEAR O PINCH"—coach to back by infrared ray. The system Texas Instruments could set up has the coach



*...speak into a transmitter that converts his voice to interception-proof signals beamed to the quarter-*

*back. Helmet devices reconvert the signals and whisper them in his ear— a cinch, when rules permit.*

LONGEST REACH INTO THE FUTURE is this Grand Prix car of 1984, envisioned for us by the British firm of Robery.

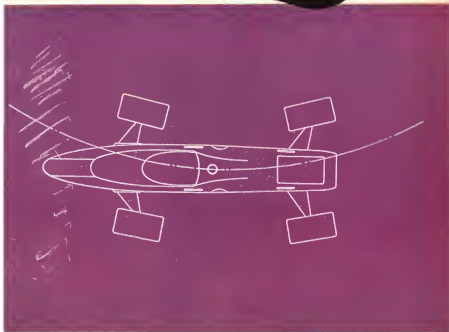


The driver reclining chaise-longue fashion will have less to do at combat speed than any driver before him, but he will have to do that with extreme sensitivity; his ultrastreamlined racer will be faster on the straights (perhaps 250 mph) and through the corners than anything we have known. This concept is not casual doodling but a serious projection of trends in the making. Robery, Owen's Research Director Peter Spear, viewing gas turbines as the logical successor to piston engines, has incorporated two turbines (Nos. 3 and 6, fed by fuel tank at 4), reasoning that two small units rather than one large one would aid streamlining and weight distribution. Engine power is taken hydraulically through a power divider (5) and thence to each of the four wheels. Final propulsion is by small hydrostatic motors, one in each wheel hub. This concept assumes an automatic transmission, supplanting the conventional gearbox, of such sophistication that the driver is in the proper gear for any given road situation. A robust power output on the order of 600 hp necessitates four-wheel drive; conventional rear drive could not deliver power fully. Four-wheel steering (note wheel attitudes above and in bird's-eye view at right) potentially gives better handling than front-wheel steering only, and the time-honored steering wheel is replaced by electronic hand controls (2), one for each hand. Foot pedals in nose of car (1) control acceleration and braking. Unusual width of tires is for increased traction.



Owen & Co. The car can be foreseen in specific detail (below) though certain vital elements

have not yet been invented. "If we had them, we'd be driving the car now," says Rubery, Owen.



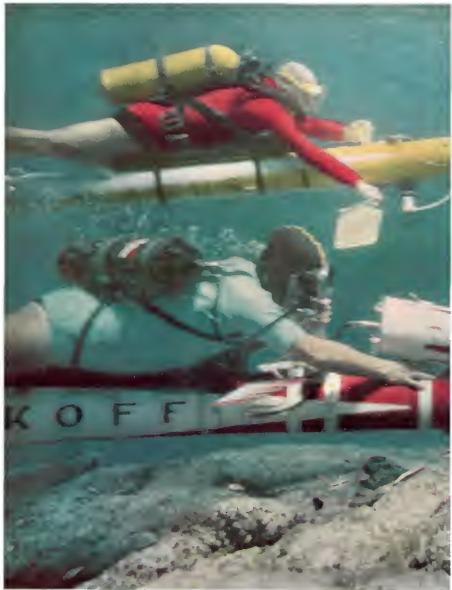
*THE CITY UNDER THE SEA* is no mythical Atlantis but a practicality scheduled for construction off tiny Beef Island in the Caribbean. It is a hotel that stresses fun in, on and especially under the water. Individual suites



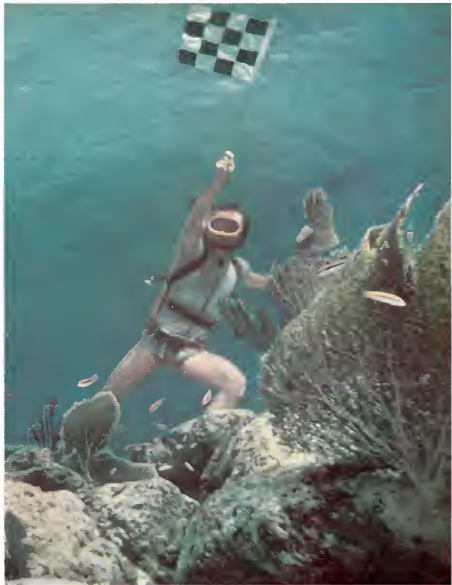
(right) are half above and half under the waterline, and long glass passageways wander about near the bottom. Guests can sunbathe in unfiltered sunlight on a topside deck off the lobby, but a dining and

cocktail pavilion— to be completed sometime next year—sits on the edge of an undersea coral cliff (foreground). All this is in the very near future, though reservations are not yet being accepted.





UNDERWATER DRAG RACING will be a reality when Dimitri Rebi-koff's Pegasus, developed for U.S. Navy frogmen,



is available commercially. Its top speed is an apparently modest 4 mph, but that is about the maxi-

mum a scuba diver can tolerate because of water resistance. Its range, however, is a lengthy 16 miles.



**ALL-OUT ADVENTURERS** will climb rocks or go exploring, even underwater, in lightweight suits wired for heat, air-conditioning and shortwave radio. Colored a vivid orange, the garments will have their own built-in oxygen supply.

## FACTS FOR FUTURE SPORTSMEN

THE **ROCKET BELT** was invented by Bell Aerosystems Company Engineer Wendell F. Moore and is being developed by Bell for use by the U.S. Army in tactical and rescue missions. It was first flown in 1961, and though it is still in the experimental and demonstration stage it now has a range of 850 feet at speeds up to a fairly startling 60 mph and has attained heights of 60 feet. The "belt" actually is a form-fitting fiber-glass corset that carries the 125-pound propulsion system. The fuel used is hydrogen peroxide, stored in tanks harnessed to the back.

THE **GYROCOPTER** ordinarily requires 300 feet or more for takeoff and about 40 feet for landing, but its inventor, Igor Bensen of Raleigh, N.C., sells an added-power unit for \$450 that makes the craft airborne in 100 feet. Another accessory will be available soon that will enable the gyrocopter to hover and thus make vertical takeoffs and landings. The two-blade rotor has a diameter of 20 feet. Maximum speed is 85 mph and cruising speed is 60. To date, nearly 350 gyrocopters have been built, registered and licensed.

THE **INFRARED COMMUNICATION SYSTEM** is technically feasible today, according to Texas Instruments Incorporated of Dallas. Though the prime advantage of such a system would be a highly selective beam that cannot be monitored or intercepted, the equipment could emit omnidirectional signals as well, which would be useful in sports such as hunting, fishing or boating.

THE **GRAND PRIX RACING CAR** is probably two decades in the future, but Rubery, Owen & Co. is, in effect, testing as

anticipated components right now in the practical laboratory of present-day motor sports competition. Its most highly regarded test tube is the famous Grand Prix BRM racing car.

THE **UNDERSEA HOTEL**, designed by William Sigal and Associates of San Juan, P.R. for a group of developers headed by Raymond Buemister, will cost approximately \$3 million to build. It will be prefabricated on land of concrete, glass, aluminum and plastic and then anchored to the necessary underwater foundations. There will be 48 rooms or suites. Wholly submerged areas will be pressurized against the weight of water. Well-marked undersea trails for skin divers will have bubble cabanas at resting points.

THE **UNDERWATER DEAD RACER** is really an underwater airplane, with rudder, elevators, propeller and two winglike ailerons that allow it to bank. It is, however, relatively simple to operate. It runs on storage batteries and the top speed of 4 mph is the only speed; to slow down you turn the motor off. A commercial version may be available in 1965.

THE **ENVIRONMENT SUIT** (opposite), conceived by Clothing Designer Bob Beach, combines features of the astronaut's space wear and the U.S. Navy exposure suit. The outer fabric consists of a layer of rubber laminated between layers of two-way-stretch Helanex nylon. Another layer of plastic insulating foam contains heating and cooling units, making it an effective temperature stabilizer on Everest—or the Amazon. A layer of Aerolon material protects the skin.

END

Special Products Division of The Hel and Denning Co. Bala, MD

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# A TOUCH AND A TOOTH OF GOLD

Pro basketball's Gus Johnson can be the game's next superstar. He is bursting with talent and drive, and all he has to overcome is a well-earned reputation for erratic behavior off court

by MARK KRAM

Gus Johnson comes across like a high note on a clarinet screaming in an empty hall. He has a gold star perfectly carved in the center of one long front tooth, wears \$85 shoes, Continental suits and a tiny hat that sits cocked on the back of his large head. He is at once, in appearance and manner, the kingfish at a fish fry and a little boy on his knees—scared and wild-eyed—watching dice roll in an alley back home in Akron. At the wheel of his new and purple Bonneville convertible, sartorially precise, his gold star glittering against the sunlight and the car radio moaning "This is my heart, this is my baby," he seems far removed from what he so easily might have been—a member in good standing of the subterranean world of sporadic, aimless labor and even more aimless delinquency.

With the help of Samson, the people of Moscow, Idaho and a talent goaded by a monumental pride and ego, Johnson has become a professional basketball player for the Baltimore Bullets. But to say that he is just a player is to say that Charlie Parker was just a saxophone player. Johnson—6 feet 6 inches and meaner than hell, as the lyrics go in one of the many songs he sings of himself—is one of the most electric and multitalented young players ever to appear in the National Basketball Association. Johnson agrees with this description, and he has company. Cincinnati Coach Jack McMahon calls him the best second-draft choice he has ever seen. St. Louis Owner Ben Kerber just shakes his head at the prospect of Johnson becoming better and opposing players are lavish in their praise of him. "He has Elgin Baylor's equipment, only he jumps better," says Wayne Embrey of the Royals. Says San Francisco's Nate Thurmond: "Johnson is the best all-round forward in the league. Bar none. A couple of more inches in height and he would be unstoppable."

It is easy to picture Johnson reacting to these comments. Grinning and slap-

ping his knee, he would shout, "Oh yeah, oh yeah, babies, keep talkin'." It is this kind of recognition, more than the money and all the excesses that go with it, that Johnson seeks from basketball. Everything about him, from his gold star ("that cost \$200, man") to his style of play, is calculated to draw the attention with which he feeds his insatiable egotism. "Man, what I like best," says Gus, "is when I'm playin' in Baltimore and them fans start yellin'." "Sock it to 'em, Gus, sock it to 'em, baby!" Last year, when the Bullets were at home, a recorded sound of a rifle shot would whistle through the arena whenever a Bullet made a dunk shot. "When I dunked that ball and heard that shot for the first time," he says, "I said to myself, oh, oh, Gus. Somebody done gotcha. But, man, that was sweet music. It sure did make me feel good inside."

Johnson is always on the prowl for recognition, no matter how slight. One day recently in St. Louis he called a friend on the phone. "Hey baby," he said, "you play pool?" Gus is lonely this afternoon, and he'd like to play a hunk. The friend said yes, he did play a game now and then and would be glad to accommodate lonely Gus. They took a cab to a poolroom, and Gus insisted on paying the fare.

Within an hour Gus had cleared his friend of \$7 after seven rounds of eight ball. "Man, look at that," he said. "And I ain't done any shootin' in a long time." Suddenly an expression of boredom crossed his face. "I'll tell ya what," he said, "I'll let you put all your balls in the pockets except one, that hug, old black one there. Just knock that one in. I'll keep all mine on the table, and we'll play double or nothin'. What ya think of that?" The friend thought a moment and then said no.

"All right then," Gus said quickly. "I'll play ya one-handed. Double or nothin'. What ya think of that?"

The friend agreed. Gus ran the table, one-handed, and laughed all the way home. If the victim had asked for his money back, Gus would have obliged. The money did not matter. "Gus, you sure do make Gus feel good inside," he cackled. "Look at the way you jacked up that man's jaw. Shame on ya, Gus."

On the surface Johnson appears to be the embodiment of every stereotyped Negro character in every bad movie. His language is vintage Southland updated with thick strains of Birdland hop talk. Money is "long green," chalinks and pigs' feet is "soul food," and then there are the "rocks." "What's a rock?" he squeals, and then, pointing to his skin, he says in a deep voice, "Man, a rock is a member. One of us." But there is a lot of Northern slick to the Old South in Johnson, and he delights in being underestimated on first encounter. In private conversation a different Johnson emerges. The forced humor fades, the speech changes abruptly; inflection diminishes and each word is hammered out with brisk enunciation. He talks soberly of the talent he must compete against, and he betrays doubts about his own ability. Above all, he is still not sure he has made it across the thin line that separates Gus Johnson of central Akron from Gus Johnson of the NBA.

"There is this thing about Johnson," says a Bullet official. "You can't be around him very long without getting this peculiar feeling that something tragic is going to happen to him, and that one day Gus will suddenly be out of the league. Maybe it's that childlike quality about him that makes you feel this way. But you just feel he is very capable of blowing it all overnight."

Johnson came close to "blowing it all" while he was still very young. One of six children, he was raised in central

Continued on p. 60

**COMING ON STRONG.** Johnson flashes big smile illuminated by his gold star mascot





Akron amid the decay and despair of a ghetto-like slum. At 17, despite persistent policing by his parents, he knew every bartender in the neighborhood by name and every mark in every pool room. School was an annoyance; it cramped his style. "Despite my ways," says Johnson, "I never got into any real bad trouble in Akron. I just drifted around. Nothing mattered except basketball and the Bible. I used to read the Bible all the time. I still do. I'm real big on Samson. He's helped me a lot, I suppose. He stimulates me." Somehow Johnson managed to stay in school, and he became one of the finest high school players ever turned out in the state. He then went to the University of Akron but, still aimless, soon dropped out. After a year of AAU basketball he moved on to Boone Junior College and then transferred to the University of Idaho. "I wasn't too keen on going out there to Idaho," he says. "There weren't any colored people out there, and I didn't know how they'd take me. I guess I went out there with a chip on my shoulder, but I wasn't there long before I could feel the difference. The people welcomed me, they made me believe in myself. There wasn't any prejudice, and I felt I belonged. After I was there, I went back home one summer. I didn't feel like I belonged to that old life in Akron anymore."

Johnson was a brilliant performer in his one year at Idaho; he was the nation's second leading rebounder and averaged 19 points a game. In Moscow they still talk about Johnson stuffing a shot with one hand, catching the ball with the other and handing it to a startled referee. Nevertheless it is a toss-up whether his coach, Joe Cipriano, was relieved or disconsolate when Johnson decided to forgo his final year of eligibility to sign with the Bullets. Gus brought Idaho national recognition, but he was a source of continual anxiety to Cipriano, who never knew what his star would be doing next off the court. Gus was not known for cracking his books, and he broke every training rule Cipriano established. He did not really strive to be unmanageable, it was just his nature. Central Akron was still bubbling below the surface.

When Johnson reported to the Bullet camp at Fort Meade, Md. in 1963, Bob Leonard, then the Baltimore coach, took one look at him in action and muttered something that sounded like "incredi-





ble." He started Johnson at forward with rare instructions for a rookie: "Get me 15 rebounds a game plus 12 or 15 points, and play me a lot of defense." Johnson did the job. He averaged 17.3 points and 12.2 rebounds per game in his first year and emerged as one of the best defensive players in the league. Now 26 and in his second year, Johnson appears well on the way to becoming a genuine superstar, the goal he has set for himself. He is the seventh leading scorer in the NBA, with a 20.6 average, and is fast becoming a complete player. His jump shot and hook from 10 feet out are remarkably accurate, but it is under the boards that his best game unfolds. Strong, quick and blessed with great jumping ability, he is a tough man to beat to the ball. Says Wayne Embry, "He's the only player I've ever seen go up for a rebound, take the ball at his waist and still dunk it before he comes down to the floor." Others speak of his strength and speed, but all end up talking about his jumping. Jay Arnette of the Royals says, "Johnson is driving down the floor for a layup this one time, and when he gets to the foul line he takes off into the air. I'm sitting on the bench. I look at Bud Olsen and we both chuckle. Ha-ha, we're telling each other, this is one time old Gus took off too soon. We're still snickering when Johnson, still in the air, dunks the ball. None of us on the bench could believe what we'd seen." (Recently, in St. Louis, he went up in similar fashion, tore the rim off the basket and shattered the glass backboard.)

Despite these talents, Johnson gets his biggest kicks from playing defense. Occasionally he will get boxed out on a rebound, especially by Bob Pettit, or he will be caught holding, but he is a solid defender—tenacious and with a flair for the sensational. The latter now and then gets him into trouble. He purposely will give an opponent a step advantage, then recover to make a spectacular block. Jerry Lucas, who has clashed with Johnson in many a duel, says: "He's tough on defense because he's so strong. He uses his hands a lot. To a referee it might look as if he's just resting his hands on an opponent. But the guy's so strong his hands are almost as effective as an iron bar when it comes to keeping you from driving for the basket." When Johnson was a rookie he requested pictures of all the

players he would be guarding during the season so that he could prepare himself mentally by staring at their likenesses. At first erratic on defense because he was unfamiliar with their moves, he now speaks confidently of his problems.

On Pettit: "He's a great back-drover man. Overplay him and he'll go behind you. He works off a lot of picks, and he is predictable. Good hands and strong. He's also the most protected player in the league. You can't touch him. He's more trouble than anybody."

On Raylon: "Completely unpredictable. He has all the moves and a lot of tricks. He doesn't need a pick. His favorite move is the yo-yo—he backs in drabbling until he moves you to where he wants you, and then he turns and pops a jump shot. You have to play him loose, so you can sag on his jump, and try to grab the ball in the air."

On Lucas: "Play Lucas nose to nose. Great shooter. Great rebounder. He is not a good driver. Strictly an inside game. You got to belt him now and then. He doesn't like to get hit."

Johnson's dislike for Lucas is easily apparent, and it is deeper than mere envy. Lucas, white, a good student, a celebrated All-American from a national collegiate power, represents all that Johnson was not and is not. In Ohio, Lucas and Johnson were playing prep basketball at the same time; Lucas showed Johnson to the background. The two entered the NBA as rookies at the same time. Lucas joined the Royals to a chorus of trumpet blasts. Johnson was little known after one year of college ball. Lucas was voted Rookie of the Year, Johnson was second. "I get annoyed with people comparing us all the time," says Johnson. "I have to show Lucas all the time."

"This guy," says Bullet Coach Buddy Jeannette, "doesn't have to worry about Lucas or anybody except himself. He can be a superstar if he wants to be, but you know what his big ambition is now? Get this. He wants to retire at 30. I told him, 'Gus, you keep playing like this and they won't let you out of the league when you're 30, because they'll be throwing money at you.'"

"Yeah, man, comes 30 and I goes into business," says Johnson, his face contorted in laughter, that gold star glittering against the sunlight as he drives along—a million miles from the way things were, but just a wrong turn back. **END**

**HIGH ABOVE** everyone, not unusual for him, Johnson rebounds against the Celtics.

# BOWL EXPOSURE IS GROWING LONGER

...and pleasanter and easier as TV gets deeper into year-end football coverage than ever before. This year for the first time all eight major bowls will be televised, and with almost no overlapping. Except for two hectic hours on New Year's Day (2 to 4 p.m. E.S.T.), armchair adepts who had mastered the art of switching from the Orange to the Sugar to the Cotton without ever missing a touchdown will hardly get a chance to warm up before their work is done and they are sailing smoothly to the final goal line at 11 p.m. (E.S.T.). Well, perhaps not exactly smoothly. Wives who sulked through six straight hours in the past are going to be mutinous at the end of nine, which is how long it will take to get through the New Year's Day schedule. The games will be worth watching, though, particularly the Orange Bowl at night between Alabama and Texas. *SI* picks the winners (right) and on the next pages explores the labyrinthine world of bowl-picking committees.



**ORANGE**

JAN. 1  
MIAMI  
7:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) NBC



**COTTON**

JAN. 1  
DALLAS  
1:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) CBS



**ROSE**

JAN. 1  
PASADENA  
4:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) NBC



**SUGAR**

JAN. 1  
NEW ORLEANS  
1:45 P.M. (E.S.T.) NBC



**BLUEBONNET**

DEC. 19  
HOUSTON  
3:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) ABC



**GATOR**

JAN. 2  
JACKSONVILLE  
2 P.M. (E.S.T.) ABC



**SUN**

DEC. 26  
EL PASO  
4 P.M. (E.S.T.) NBC



**LIBERTY**

DEC. 19  
ATLANTIC CITY  
12:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) NBC

TEAMS AND COACHES	PLAYERS TO WATCH	THE CHOICE
<b>ALABAMA (10-0)</b> Bear Bryant  <b>TEXAS (9-1)</b> Currell Royal	<b>ALABAMA</b> Joe Namath, QB (17) Wayne Freeman, G (71) Steve Bowman, FB (25)  <b>TEXAS</b> Tommy Nobis, G (60) Ernie Kay, HB (23) Phil Harris, HB (45)	Football's strictest fundamentals, blocking and tackling, will be displayed perhaps as never before. Quickness, aggressiveness and pride are stern traits of both teams. Texas has stronger running and more overall experience. With Namath's passes Alabama has the ability to strike more quickly. But dangerous underdog Texas rarely gives up the easy touchdown. <b>TEXAS</b>
<b>ARKANSAS (10-0)</b> Frank Broyles  <b>NEBRASKA (9-1)</b> Bob Devaney	<b>ARKANSAS</b> Reame Covertree, LB (55) Jerry Lamb, E (68) Ken Hatfield, HB (46)  <b>NEBRASKA</b> Larry Kraviec, T (75) Kent McCloghlan, HB (37) Frank Selich, FB (45)	Arkansas, which dethroned national champion Texas and shut out its opponents in five succeeding games, is a team with a hidden weapon. Ken Hatfield, who led the nation in punt returns three straight years. There are also passing and a rugged ground defense. Nebraska has speed in the backfield but a less imaginative offense. It also played a weaker schedule. <b>ARKANSAS</b>
<b>MICHIGAN (8-1)</b> Bump Elliott  <b>OREGON STATE (6-2)</b> Tommy Prothro	<b>MICHIGAN</b> Bob Timberlake, QB (20) Bill Yearby, T (75) Carl Ward, HB (15)  <b>OREGON STATE</b> Paul Brothers, QB (19) Jack O'Brien, LB (55) Len Frikatch, E (95)	Michigan opened up its attack this year and won the Big Ten title. The person most responsible was Quarterback Bob Timberlake, a player who, as the saying goes, "can't do anything real well—except beat you." State is a resourceful team, and it has Paul Brothers, uncelebrated nationally but only a step behind Timberlake—a significant step. <b>MICHIGAN</b>
<b>LSU (7-2-1)</b> Charlie McClendon  <b>SYRACUSE (7-3)</b> Ben Schwartzwalder	<b>LSU</b> Pat Sorenson, QB (12) Remy Prudhomme, G (67) Rufus Rodriguez, T (51)  <b>SYRACUSE</b> Floyd Little, HB (40) Jim Nance, FB (35) Wally Matlik, QB (19)	One never knows about Syracuse. The running game, featuring Floyd Little, can be overwhelming when everything clicks. But three times Syracuse lost to lesser opponents. Defense-minded LSU thrives against running teams. So does Syracuse, but it is miserable on pass defense. The issue, then, is whether or not LSU can put together a pass or two. It probably can. <b>LSU</b>
<b>MISSISSIPPI (5-4-1)</b> Johnny Vaughn  <b>TULSA (8-2)</b> Glen Dobbs Jr.	<b>MISSISSIPPI</b> Jim Weatherly, QB (12) Stan Hindman, G (67) Allen Brown, E (80)  <b>TULSA</b> Jerry Rhone, QB (17) Howard Twilley, E (81) Wilke Townes, T (73)	For students of wide-open play, this will be the best game of them all. It will be especially interesting if Mississippi takes little-known Tulsa lightly. Tulsa's Jerry Rhone broke 18 national passing records, and his moving target, Howard Twilley, broke a few more. But these were not made against teams as formidable as the ball-controlling Rebels. <b>MISSISSIPPI</b>
<b>FLORIDA STATE (6-1-1)</b> Bill Peterson  <b>OKLAHOMA (6-3-1)</b> Gomer Jones	<b>FLORIDA STATE</b> Steve Tensi, QB (13) Fred Biletnickoff, HB (25) Jim McDowell, LB (63)  <b>OKLAHOMA</b> Jon Grisham, FB (45) Ralph Neely, T (77) Lance Rentzel, HB (38)	Florida State, inching toward the big time for years, has at last arrived. Waiting there, however, is Oklahoma, which is more than anxious to alone for a disappointing season. State will discover that the Sooners' manpower is too much for either Steve Tensi's passes or Fred Biletnickoff's amazing catches and that Jim Grisham and Lance Rentzel are tough to stop. <b>OKLAHOMA</b>
<b>TEXAS TECH (6-3-1)</b> J. T. King  <b>GEORGIA (6-3-1)</b> Vince Dooley	<b>TEXAS TECH</b> Denny Anderson, HB (44) Tom Wilson, QB (13) Jim Zarnos, FB (31)  <b>GEORGIA</b> Jim Wilson, T (80) Ray Russell, T (70) Preston Riddlehuber, QB (12)	Two of the finest coaching jobs of the season were performed by J. T. King at Texas Tech and Vince Dooley at Georgia. Georgia has two of the best tackles anywhere in Jim Wilson and Ray Russell, and Tech's Denny Anderson, who finds endless new ways of getting over or through defenses, is one of the year's outstanding runners. Expect a close game. <b>TEXAS TECH</b>
<b>WEST VIRGINIA (7-3)</b> Gene Conum  <b>UTAH (8-2)</b> Ray Nagel	<b>WEST VIRGINIA</b> Allen McCue, QB (12) Milt Clegg, E (85) Bill Sullivan, E (81)  <b>UTAH</b> Ray Jefferson, E (89) Alfon Jacobs, FB (36) Ron Coleman, HB (25)	West Virginia, which came on with a rush to win its last four games, unfortunately yields too many points—175 in 10 games. And lacking good runners, the Mountaineers depend heavily upon Allen McCue's passing. This will hurt against Utah, which is exceptionally good on pass defense. And the Utes like to run—which will hurt the weak West Virginia defense, too. <b>UTAH</b>

CONTINUED



# THE TEAMS AND HOW THEY GOT THERE

Before the hoopla of the holiday games begins, there is plenty of fancy stepping as organizing committees maneuver for the choice pairings that will draw crowds and please TV sponsors **by DAN JENKINS**

The point has never really been stressed, but college football's guddiest passion, the bowl game, was originated before the airplane, the wireless, the Panama Canal, the New York subway, the San Francisco earthquake and the Republic of Cuba. It dates from Jan. 1, 1902, when

Stanford played Michigan in the first Rose Bowl in Pasadena. Since that happy occurrence there have been almost as many bowl games invented as there are flowers, fruit, natural resources and scientific phenomena—Sugar, Orange, Cotton, Bluebonnet, Pecan, Tangerine, Ga-

tor, Mineral Water, Sun, Gem, Liberty, Camellia, Copper, Oil and Missile, for example. Not all of them are considered major, and not all have endured. But the eight big ones that have not only lasted but now flourish, thanks to television, have entered into such an ulcer-

*continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL GRABATZ



ous era of promotion that the manly art of team-getting has become as competitive as what happens after a kickoff.

For a lot of years the Rose Bowl had it easy. A team from the West Coast met an opponent of national eminence, and thus constituted California's idea of a U.S. championship. Then in the '30s came the Orange Bowl in Miami, the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, the Cotton Bowl in Dallas and the Sun Bowl in El Paso, to be followed by the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville in the '40s and the Bluebonnet and Liberty bowls in the '50s. The struggle for top teams was on. The Rose Bowl simplified its situation after World War II by luring the Big Ten into a tie-up that is continually renewed. The Cotton Bowl has to search for only one team since the Southwest Conference champion is always the host. But no other agreements exist today. This year, therefore, seven major bowls were in need of 13 college teams for the games that are scheduled from Dec. 19 through Jan. 2.

The search began when the regular season was scarcely half completed. In fact, when Notre Dame took the field at South Bend for its fifth game, two Sugar Bowl representatives were in the press box. And when Notre Dame won, an offer was made. New Orleans wanted Notre Dame even if the Irish finished with a 5-5 record. One week later at Philadelphia, as Notre Dame prepared to play Navy, some very un-Notre Dame and un-Navy people were in the stadium wearing orange shirts and white Stetson hats. They were from the Orange Bowl. Miami wanted Notre Dame as badly as New Orleans did.

There were several reasons why, and the least important of them to the sponsors—though certainly a bonus—was the fact that Notre Dame then looked like the best team in the nation. The more important reasons were that Notre Dame would insure a huge TV audience, would guarantee a true intersectional pairing and would bring a large following of supporters into the city—a situation always warmly admired by local booster clubs and the chambers of commerce, the people generally responsible for the bowl game in the first place.

The perfect pairing, every fan in the country agreed at the time, would have been Notre Dame against Alabama or Arkansas—a true playoff for the national championship, such as last year's Texas-Navy game in Dallas. "We can get Ala-



MEETING "IN CAMERA," BOWL COMMITTEE HUDDLES OVER CHOICE

hama if we can get Notre Dame," said an Orange Bowl official when the two teams arrived at 7-0 records. "And we have a good chance for Notre Dame. There's a gentleman in Miami who's given the school about \$9 million, and he's helping us out."

The gentleman did not go so far as to take back his money, and Notre Dame, apparently financially independent, finally announced that it was not interested in a postseason game.

Next to Notre Dame, the most wanted team was Alabama, which kept trailing the Irish in the rankings. The Crimson Tide could choose among the Orange, Sugar, Cotton—even the Sun Bowl. If Coach Bear Bryant decided he wanted to see a bullfight in El Paso's neighbor, Juarez. But having played in the Sugar Bowl last season, and perhaps preferring Miami's entertainment attractions over those of Dallas—beaches, boats, horses, greyhounds, juar alas and fishing versus going to the movies—Bryant said Alabama wanted a "change of scenery" and, with two games remaining, unofficially accepted the Orange Bowl.

At this point it was no trouble for Miami to get an opponent for Alabama. One of the consolations the University of Texas received for barely losing to Arkansas, and thereby missing another un-

defected season, was that Coach Darrell Royal's Longhorns were freed from the Cotton Bowl for the first time in four years. And remembering his last trip to the Sugar Bowl when many Texans complained publicly of price-gouging, Royal had strong Miami leanings. In turn, the Orange Bowl felt that Texas was, after Notre Dame, the next most glamorous team available. With one game remaining, Texas accepted.

Once a bowl attraction is set, officials always go into a late-season sweat over the won-lost records of the teams.

"I watched the Alabama-Auburn game on TV on Thanksgiving Day," said Ernie Seiler, executive vice-president of the Orange Bowl. "When Auburn was leading 7-6 at the half, I also heard Texas and Texas A&M were tied 7-7. It sure was a long half time. Then I heard Texas was only ahead 13-7 and I thought, 'My God, a touchdown can beat us.' You get a lot of sleepers when you have two teams like that."

There was a time when the Sugar Bowl ranked second only to the Rose Bowl in prestige. It began to slip several years ago as the Cotton and Orange bowls became better promotions and offered as much, if not more, money to the visiting teams. Also the bowl suffered because of New Orleans' racial ban. For



the past eight years the Sugar Bowl has had all-southern pairings, five times being forced to accept the Southwest Conference runner-up as one of its attractions and only three times over that span managing to obtain the Southeastern Conference champion.

New Orleans can now report cheerfully that its racial ban no longer is an effect. And NBC is delighted with this year's game—LSU against Syracuse. Neither team is a champion of its area, but the intersectional flavor is there, and this means more viewers on TV than the Sugar Bowl has had recently. Sponsors of the New Orleans game certainly tried to arrange as attractive a match as the Orange and Cotton had but without luck. In succession, after Notre Dame, they sought Alabama, Texas and Nebraska. The last blow they suffered was Nebraska's decision to meet Arkansas in Dallas, a game that will make more sense than most, since it will be a battle of conference champions, the Southwest against the Big Eight.

Striving to please the network, the Sugar Bowl then took Syracuse and prepared a release to be issued to the press after the Syracuse-West Virginia game. A fine forethought, but unfortunately the release credited Syracuse with an 8-2 record, which it would have had if only it had beaten West Virginia.

Obviously, the larger, older, more established bowls get first choice of the best available teams. They not only pay more money, they offer more prestige and, in such cases as Miami and New Orleans, provide a more exotic range of entertainment for the fans who will follow the teams. Games such as the Gator Bowl, the Bluebonnet, the Sun and the Liberty (which has now become an unusual indoor affair for Atlantic City's Convention Hall) are obligated to await the leftovers.

Sometimes the leftovers are pretty good. The Gator Bowl, for example, has never suffered. It has benefited from such fine meetings as Tennessee-Texas A&M, Arkansas-Georgia Tech and Florida-Penn State at times when those teams were among the country's best. Neither has the Bluebonnet Bowl, which is played in the best physical plant of them all, the handsome, comfortable, 70,000-seat Rice Stadium. The Bluebonnet has enjoyed Texas-Alabama, Missouri-Georgia Tech and Baylor-LSU when those teams were almost as hot

as the ones which nosed them out for the championships in their conferences.

After a lot of miffing for teams this season the Gator Bowl landed on all fours. George Olsen, executive director of the Gator, kept Penn State, Georgia Tech and Georgia dangle, then quietly and skillfully enticed big-name Oklahoma to Jacksonville to meet little-name Florida State, a school which gives the Gator almost a true home team.

The Bluebonnet usually is interested in the Southwest runner-up, and since Chairman Lou Hassell is a close friend of Coaches Bryant and Royal, Houston was actually the second choice of both Texas and Alabama. But the Bluebonnet missed those. It may have a fine game anyhow, which should delight the 15,000 school kids who get in free, courtesy of a charity-minded businessman's club. Tulsa and Ole Miss, a couple of cautionless, offense-minded teams, will play. Even in a bad year Mississippi looks good, and Tulsa's Jerry Rhone gives the Bluebonnet the U.S. passing champion for the second straight year (it was Baylor's Don Trull in 1963). Both schools are within 600 miles of Houston—driving distance—and the loyal followers are expected to pour in. "When Tulsa was announced," said Art Mahoney, sales manager of Houston's Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel, "we had 35 immediate reservations from Tulsa people, plus a cocktail party for 100 booked for the night before the game."

With all of the eight major bowls on national television, the financial rewards are quite decent, to understate the case. The take-home pay ranges from the \$207,000 that Alabama and Texas each will receive from Miami to the \$50,000 that West Virginia and Utah will get from the Liberty. The amount with which the schools actually can leave town is something else. The cost of taking a team and band to a postseason game naturally depends on how much travel is involved, the length of the stay, the locale, what sort of rates are provided and how many wives and friends can stow away.

One important result of television's impact on the bowl scene is the scheduling. There was a time when every game was played on Jan. 1 and the time of the kickoff did not matter. Came television, and the game times not only began to be staggered but the promoters of new bowls sought other dates. For

example, the only reason the Bluebonnet and Liberty bowls are scheduled on or around Dec. 19 every year is to insure TV. The only reason the Sun is scheduled for Dec. 26 and the Gator on Jan. 2 is for TV. And the Orange will be played at night for the first time, purely because NBC wants to televise three games—the Sugar, Rose and Orange—in succession.

Bowl games thus have become pawns of the networks, but their real value is more accurately judged by the players and fans who participate. It is a rare pairing that can excite the teams and their enthusiasts beyond the level of any normal intersectional contest. And most coaches feel the quality of play is slightly below that of the regular season because of the layoff before bowl practice begins.

But it is fun after all, a gaudy holiday and winter vacation combined. And the sponsors have worked hard to see that their promotions are well remembered. The players receive every conceivable sort of souvenir, from watches to blankets to tie clasps to Stetson hats. Rose Bowl participants are trundled onto buses and taken to movie studios, Disneyland, Marineland, Knott's Berry Farm, often even to Palm Springs. In Miami the players are welcomed free into the horse tracks, greyhound tracks, jai alai frontons and nightclubs—coaches permitting. There is an Orange Bowl navy, which consists of committee members with large boats who take the athletes on sightseeing tours. There is a fishing tournament as well as a dance at a country club. The Sugar Bowl whisks everyone through the French Quarter, relying heavily on cuisine, notably the annual feast at Antoine's. In Houston next week the players will attend a barbecue on a ranch, tour the new domed stadium, ride a boat up the Houston ship channel to the San Jacinto battlefield and be stuffed with seafood. In El Paso they also will have a ranch-style feast, a breakfast of *huevos rancheros*, will hear the hoofbeats of a sheriff's posse at every turn and will attend the Sun Carnival bullfight in old Juárez. The Gator Bowl will cart its visitors off on a tour of St. Augustine and an alligator farm.

Sometimes, in the midst of all this, a few football games will be played. But more important to the powers that now run the bowls, a lot of products will be advertised on the tube. **END**

When those 19 Republican governors and governors-elect sat down to dinner in Colorado after trying to decide whether to declare open season on Dean Burch, there was only one thing to serve them: wild game. The game, or almost all of it, was shot or caught by Governor John Love himself. "We served duck, pheasant, goose, antelope and trout," boasted Mrs. Love. "The antelope was the only thing John didn't provide. We ground up the one he shot for hamburger and sausage."

The tiny Welsh village of Nantymoel hasn't gotten around to erecting a statue of its favorite son, **Lynn Davies**, winner of the Olympic broad jump, but it has the next best thing. Painted on the pavement of Commercial Street are two white lines placed exactly 26 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart—the span of Davies' winning jump. Naturally, all the village children—and even some grown-ups—are having a go at the record, and leaping figures have become commonplace on Nantymoel's main street (below). Not inconsiderable to the implied tribute, Davies is also a mite apprehensive. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if somebody broke a leg," he says.

A kind man but a just one, **Lefty Gomez** didn't want to be mean, he just wanted to set the record straight about his old friend **Joe DiMaggio**. Joe, said Lefty in a reminiscent mood the other day, was a grand guy and deserving of every honor he ever got on the ball field but as a fisherman the Joltin was a complete fraud. DiMaggio—said Gomez—claimed to be the son of a fisherman and the descendant of generations of fishermen. He claimed to have been raised on Fisherman's Wharf and to own a seafood restaurant on the Wharf. Yet when he, Gomez, finally got DiMaggio to go fishing with him, the mighty Clipper turned out to be strictly from Madville. He, Lefty Gomez, even had to bait his hook for him.

From now on, things won't be the same for the wild animals of Luxembourg and Saudi Arabia. The new rulers of these countries are both passionately fond of hunting **Jean-Benoît Guillaume-Robert-Antoine-Louis-Marie-Adolphe-Marc d'Aviano**, Prince of Borbone de Parme, Duke of Nassau and Grand Duke of Luxembourg, is a shy man until he gets a gun in his hands. Then he is a terror.

As for His Majesty **Faisal ibn Abdul Aziz al Saud**, new King of Arabia, he would rather hunt antelope than strike oil.

**Harvey Haddix**, Baltimore Oriole with a reputation as a trouble-shooting pitcher, shot himself another kind of trouble last month. The trouble, to be specific, was a buffalo. When a half-grown buffalo bull given to neighbor **Gayle Locke** by **Arthur Godfrey** went berserk near Springfield, Ohio, Locke did what many a panicked manager has done. He called in Haddix from the bullpen. Following a trail of gore and cattle, Haddix cornered the bull near some woods and killed it with five shots—from a .22 caliber rifle.

Concert Pianist **Sir Francis Cassel** has a racehorse named **Raphael**—which would be all right except for the fact that **Raphael** thinks he's a sea horse. Three times Cassel has raced **Raphael** at the royal track at Windsor, and three times **Raphael** has dived off the track into the River Thames, which flows alongside. Each time Cassel thought seriously of selling **Raphael** down the river—any river. Finally he decided to give the horse one more chance to prove he likes

racetrack as much as swimming. **Cassel** entered **Raphael** in a handicap hurdle event at Birmingham in which the odds, understandably, were 100 to 8 against him. **Raphael** won. There is, it should be noted, no water near the Birmingham track.

When he isn't busy writing bills on everything from wilderness conservation to atomic energy, New Mexico Senator **Clinton Anderson** is a football fan, a director of the Dallas Cowboys and an unofficial scout. Senator Anderson couldn't resist telling an Albuquerque football banquet that it was he who convinced Cowboy President **Clint Murchison Jr.** to sign New Mexico Fullback **Don Perkins**. As a scout, Director Anderson is unofficial, but the Cowboys are sorry when they ignore his recommendations. After he tried without success to interest them in New Mexico State's **Charley Johnson**, Johnson became a fine quarterback for the St. Louis Cardinals.

Soviet Foreign Minister **Andrei Gromyko** made a bearlike attempt at humor while telling the U.N. General Assembly about the White House hot line. "To check the technical condition of the line," said Gromyko, "Soviet operators frequently transmit extracts from the *Hawkeye Sketches* by the 19th century Russian writer **I. S. Turgenev**. The Americans transmit the results of baseball games."

A fast wingback and hard-hitting center fielder in Chicago high schools, **Amerigo Marino** was a candidate for a football scholarship at Northwestern, but he ended up studying music. Now he has been named conductor of the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. "A conductor or coach can never get his orchestra or team to do any more than he himself is putting out," said Marino last week. "An orchestra, like a team, can easily spot a phony."







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Jesse Coleman Hunter Jr., who has been called J.C. for as long as he remembers, resembles a Texas tycoon about as much as an air rifle does an elephant gun. He lives with his wife, Mary, and two children in a simple frame house in Abilene, drives a three-year-old Buick and dresses in the style of early J.C. Penney. He is a deacon of the church and a Boy Scout leader who does not drink, smoke, bet or brag, and the only ostentatious thing he has ever done, says a friend, is to plant two 40-foot pecan trees in his bare front yard "because every house should have a tree." But it so happens that slight, schoolmasterish J.C. owns—in addition to a few dozen oil wells—all the elk in Texas as well as most of the mountain range on which they live. He also owns the state's only trout stream, its highest peak and its most spectacular canyon. Even by Texas standards this is hard to beat, but Hunter is working on it. For more than a year he has been trying to invite the entire population of the U.S. out to his place.

This is no gag or foolish fancy, as an impressive roster of government officials is discovering. Behind Hunter's astonishing invitation is solid common sense and concern for the future. Hunter would like to see most of his 72,000-acre spread turned into a national park so that everyone can share it with him. He may be about to get his wish: last year the 11-member Advisory Board of the National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings and Monuments visited the area and recommended unanimously that it be made a park, and the board's recommendation may well become law under the new Congress.

The son of a Texas schoolteacher who founded the family fortune on little more than a set of textbooks and a preference for work over sleep, J.C. Hunter was born in the mountain town of Van Horn (current pop. 1,953), some 30 miles north of the Rio Grande. His father had gone there fresh out of Howard Payne College to teach in the one-room school. Before long the elder Hunter was serving as county judge, working part-time in the bank and acquiring ranch properties as fast as he could get the collateral to buy or lease them.

If young J.C. was aware of papa's burgeoning bank balance, the knowledge

*continued*



## *An oil-rich Texan asks the whole U.S. to visit*

The schoolmasterish outdoorsman shown above owns all of the elk in Texas as well as most of the mountain range on which they roam. If he gets his way, he will share both these treasures with the U.S.

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**NATURE** continued

was purely academic. He continued to trudge to school on foot, wearing clothes as homespun as ever, earning spending money through his own labors. He was 14, in fact, before his father's oil interests moved the family to the prairie city of Abilene, 200 miles away. And by that time the wild Guadalupe Mountain country of West Texas had staked a permanent claim on him.

Throughout his high school and college years J.C. kept returning to the mountains, encouraged and often accompanied by his father. Carlsbad Caverns, just over the New Mexico border, had recently been discovered, and Hunter Senior was influential in having it established as a national monument. He then turned his attention—and J.C.'s—south to the Guadalupe.

Here, just under the border, is the most awesome and spectacular range of mountains in the state of Texas. For almost 100 miles their barren walls can be seen towering above the salt flats, rising like stark sentinels out of the desert. The whole wedge-shaped Guadalupe Range is part of a giant barrier reef formed more than 225 million years ago beneath the Permian Sea. It has been described by the American Museum of Natural History as "the most extensive fossil organic reef known" and by less learned observers as "the most magnificent sight in the Southwest."

At the point of the wedge is El Capitan. This sheer limestone cliff, 8,078 feet high, is the best known natural monument in Texas, as well as a familiar checkpoint for airline pilots. Directly north of it is Guadalupe Peak, the highest (8,751 feet) in the state. Completing the triangle is 8,362-foot Pine Top Mountain, and hidden within its forbidding limestone walls lies a real-life Shangri-La.

Here, in a profusion of virgin splendors, is a wilderness lush with wildlife where the flora and fauna of the North, South, East and West come together on common ground. Sotol, mesquite and mountain mahogany grow among Douglas firs, salmon-limbed madrones, big-tooth maples and yucca cactus. Wild cherries, ash, walnut and ponderosa pines stand side by side with chinquapin oaks, aspens and alligator juniper trees. Tall century plants cast shadows on the canyon floor, and wild flowers blossom everywhere.

Big herds of mule deer and white-

continued

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### NATURE continued

tails browse through the brush, and elk bugle from far peaks. Wild turkeys roost in cool forests, and lean, sleek cats prowl the mountain darkness. An occasional bear forages in the woods, and signs of sheep and goats are present on the cliffs.

The most beautiful gorge in the Guadalupe is McKittrick Canyon. A cold, clear stream bubbles through it for four miles, then vanishes abruptly underground. Rainbow trout—the only ones in Texas—dart in its icy pools, and along the water's edge flat, silvery rocks sparkle like beds of pure white sand. Long ago, before its roof collapsed, McKittrick Canyon may have been part of the Carlsbad Caverns. Today, sheltered by lofty walls that rise 2,000 feet into the sky, it seems like an exquisite garden tucked deep in a magic mountain.

Nobody is sure how McKittrick Canyon was named, but old records show that a Kid McKittrick was shot not far away in 1894. When Hunter and his father came upon the canyon in the early 1920s, only a handful of prospectors and explorers even knew it existed. Mesquero Apaches were probably its first inhabitants, and remnants of their art and pottery have been found in some of the caves. Then came the Spanish Conquistadores, who twice rode north from Mexico in the 1500s but apparently turned back each time at the forbidding mountain barrier of the Guadalupe. Like modern jet pilots, early travelers used El Capitan as a signal peak but few on their journeys west stopped longer than was necessary for rest.

"My dad really cared about these mountains," Hunter says, "and about preserving them in their original state. He believed they were unique in the country and that it was a privilege to protect them for the future. When he died in 1945 he had bought up about two-thirds of the land. Since then, I have bought the rest and have tried to keep it as he would have done. The canyon has never been grazed, nor has any of the timber been cut. It looks today almost exactly as it looked in the days of the Apaches."

The most obvious addition to the canyon since Geronimo is the Hunter Lodge, which was built in 1927 and has changed little since. Like everything else connected with J.C. Hunter, it is thoroughly unpretentious: a rambling C-shaped series of rooms linked to each other by a long, rickety porch that is

really an outside hallway. The walls are made of wide, rough-hewn planks. They are pitted with knotholes and heavily chinked—about as soundproof as gauze. The draperies are Woolworth, the furniture is Salvation Army and the tubs in the several bathrooms squat stoically on short fat legs. But the heaters all work, the water is steaming hot, the baths are filled with dozens of big, thick towels and the great old iron beds are buried in mountains of eiderdown.

The heart of the lodge is the kitchen, which looks like a well-stocked supermarket on delivery day. Rows and rows of neatly stacked canned goods line the walls, two giant deepfreezes bulge with filet mignon, a fat-bellied stove glows pink with roaring flame and a long, oil-cloth-covered table creaks under large bowls of creamed squash, fresh green beans, baked potatoes drowned in Roquefort sauce, good salads, hot butter-milk biscuits that drip with melted butter and hot homemade pies. At a meal for 10 there is food for at least 20, all served under the careful eye of J.C., who hustles about passing bowls, stirring sauces, seeing that everyone is comfortable and fussing like an elderly spinster playing hostess to the vicar.

Throughout the year, legions of geologists, paleontologists, zoologists, archaeologists, stratigraphers and naturalists visit the ranch, along with Hunter's boy scouts, his friends and his family, who enjoy the mountains and the canyons almost as much as he does. When his 19-year-old daughter Carolyn graduated from high school two years ago (like her father and brother, she was valedictorian of her class and went on to the University of Texas), she chose to celebrate at the ranch with 40 of her classmates. Two of the boys decided to tackle a cliff on their own and wound up marooned for more than 24 hours on a ledge 1,700 feet above the lodge. They had to be rescued by a professional team flown in by helicopter from El Paso.

J.C.'s adult guests seldom get into this kind of trouble, mainly because they are smart enough to follow his directions. For some 15 years now Hunter has been leading groups of friends through the Guadalupe, originally after deer, and for the past five years after elk.

The elk were not always there. Hunter's father brought them by special railroad car and truck from the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1928. He lost a



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few along the way but managed to release 44 in the mountains around McKittick Canyon. He also stocked the streams with trout and released antelope, chukars, pheasants and Mexican quail, but only the trout and the elk survived. The elk have survived so well, in fact, that they now number close to 1,000 and are hunted each December by special permit. The permits are issued by the Texas Game Commission but, since the elk are all on his property, Hunter issues the invitations to use them.

It is possible to get an elk simply by walking a few hundred yards from the lodge, but the big trophy bulls are all on top of the mountains, a good day's pack by horseback straight up the canyon walls. J.C. keeps about 40 pack-horses that are bred and trained specifically for navigating the treacherous limestone cliffs. He personally plans and checks out every detail of a hunt. He helps to put up the tents, gather the wood, lay the fires, order and pack in the provisions. There is no job he asks of his staff that he has not done himself and few jobs that any of them can do better.

Along with an invitation to his annual hunt, J.C.'s guests receive minutely detailed schedules of each day's activities, the kinds of clothing, gear, artillery, even toilet articles to bring. Geodetic Survey maps, a brief history of the area and J.C.'s own suggestions for enjoying the hunt. "The shooting is really secondary," Hunter says. "We all have a wonderful time just getting out in this kind of country. Most years I don't shoot at all. I guess I am basically a conservationist. I have taken my share of game here and in Idaho and New Mexico, but mostly I enjoy hunting along with my friends and leaving the shooting to them."

"If the Guadalupe become a national park, this will mean the end of these hunts," he adds wistfully. "but it won't mean an end to elk hunting in the state. The way elk migrate they eventually will spread out all through the neighboring areas, so it will still be possible to hunt them on a number of private ranches."

"You know," said J.C. recently as he let his eye roam affectionately along the horizon, "there is quite a legend about lost gold in the Guadalupe. People have been searching for it ever since Geronimo, and all the time they have been looking right at it. The real treasure of the Guadalupe is all around us." **END**

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Here is a chance to find out if your game needs polishing. Below are 10 problems in bidding and two in play, plus two special puzzles. If you score 50 points or more, your opponents should beware. A score of 35 or more is creditable, but to those who get fewer—well, a Merry Christmas anyway



1 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	2 N T	PASS
3♠			

What do you bid now?

2 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♦	DOUBLE

What do you bid now?

3 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
2♥	PASS	3 N T	PASS

What do you bid now?

4 As South you hold:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♣	PASS

What do you bid now?

5 As South you hold:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	PASS	1♠	PASS

What do you bid now?

6 As South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	PASS	1 N T	DOUBLE
PASS	2♣	PASS	

What do you bid now?

**7** As South you hold:



NORTH 2 N.T. EAST PASS SOUTH ? WEST

What do you bid?

**8** As South you hold:



SOUTH 1♦ WEST PASS NORTH 1♣ EAST PASS

What do you bid now?

**9** As South you hold:



SOUTH PASS WEST PASS NORTH 1♣ EAST PASS  
1 N.T. PASS  
4♥ PASS  
?

What do you bid now?

**10** As South you hold:



SOUTH 1 N.T. WEST PASS NORTH 2♣ EAST PASS  
2♦ PASS

What do you bid now?

*Now for some problems on play*

**11** These are the cards of West and East:

WEST



EAST



EAST 1 N.T. SOUTH PASS WEST 6 N.T. NORTH PASS  
PASS PASS

South leads the 10 of clubs, to which North follows suit. How should East plan to bring home the slams?

**12** These are the cards of West and East:

WEST



EAST



EAST 1♦ SOUTH PASS WEST 2 N.T. NORTH PASS  
1 N.T. PASS 3 N.T. PASS

South leads the 6 of spades, dummy plays low, and North produces the jack. How should East plan the play?

The next two hands may keep you busy from Christmas to New Year's. The first was devised 36 years ago by Sidney Lenz as a gimmick for a shaving-cream concern. The second, the Whitfield Six, has confounded even expert players for 73 years. Give yourself five points for solving either, 15 if you can solve both.

NORTH

♠ 5  
♥ 2 5  
♦ A K 7  
♣ A K 8 5 4 3 2

WEST

♠ K 10 7  
♥ 9  
♦ Q 10 8 3  
♣ Q J 10 9 7

EAST

♠ 8 6 4 3 2  
♥ Q 7 6 2  
♦ J 6 2  
♣ 6

SOUTH

♠ A Q J 9  
♥ A K J 10 4 3  
♦ 9 5 4  
♣ —

Hearts are trumps. West leads the queen of clubs. Win all the tricks.

NORTH

♠ 7  
♥ 7  
♦ J 3  
♣ A 2

WEST

♠ Q 7  
♥ —  
♦ Q 5  
♣ J 3

EAST

♠ J 5  
♥ —  
♦ 10 8 6  
♣ 8

SOUTH

♠ 10 9  
♥ —  
♦ A K 9  
♣ 10

Hearts are trumps. South leads. North-South are to win all six tricks.

Turn page for the answers

## THIS IS WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE

1 3 SPADES 5 PTS 3 NO TRUMP 3 PTS.  
3 HEARTS 1 PT.

It seems that none of our high cards are wasted and we should suspect that game is within reach. However, partner may have six spades and four diamonds, in which case a contract of four spades probably will be superior to three no trump.

2 REDUCE 3 PTS 3 DIAMONDS 3 PTS.  
1 SPADE 1 PT.

With 12 points in support of diamonds it behooves us to reduce. It is of course our intention to support diamonds at the next opportunity. Three diamonds over the take-out double leaves partner in the dark with respect to the actual strength of our hand. One spade is likely to work well only when it matches a four-card fit in partner's hand, which is unlikely.

3 4 NO TRUMP 5 PTS 6 NO TRUMP 2 PTS.  
PASS -2 PTS.

After partner's jump into three no trump there is a definite slam aroma in the air. Interest should be manifested by a bid of four no trump, which is not Blackwood since there is no agreed suit. If partner has maximum values he is at liberty to contract for slam. Bids of six no trump and pass afford partner no opportunity to participate in the final decision.

4 3 CLUBS -5 PTS 2 DIAMONDS -2 PTS.

You have the material for a raise in clubs, since the void suit is worth five points in support of partner. To defer the raise by bidding two diamonds first will lead partner to believe that your club support is rather shabby, when in fact it is excellent.

5 2 HEARTS 5 PTS 3 CLUBS 3 PTS

To bid a four-card suit before rebidding a good six-card minor may seem questionable, but the quality of the heart suit steers us in this direction. If partner raises hearts or calls no trump we shall proceed to game. The jump in clubs is a reasonable alternate but misses the mark if partner fails to bid no trump for lack of a heart guard.

6 PASS 5 PTS 3 CLUBS 1 PT

In view of the bidding by the opposition, partner may have been dragged into the fray with very little, and a discreet pass is indicated. A gentle raise to three clubs may seem harmless, but it is quite possible that partner has spades and has been constrained to bid a three-card club suit in response to our takeout double.

7 6 NO TRUMP 5 PTS 6 HEARTS 3 PTS.  
5 HEARTS -2 PTS

Partner's two-no-trump opening marks him with the king of hearts, and it appears that he should have a reasonable chance to bring home 12 tricks. We prefer no trump to hearts in case partner has a guarded king which needs protection against the adversities of the opening lead.

8 2 SPADES -5 PTS 2 CLUBS -3 PTS.  
1 NO TRUMP 1 PT.

We do not consider the lack of a fourth trump an obstacle against a raise in spades. Although worth 16 points, our hand is a minimum opening, and since we have adequate support for spades, the two-spade bid is attractive. Two clubs is worth considering but may result in a spade game being missed if partner has length in that suit, plus a key card or two.

9 6 HEARTS 5 PTS PASS 1 PT.

The key to the auction is partner's failure to cue-bid five diamonds or five clubs. This indicates that he is not interested in your holdings in these suits and must, therefore, be interested in spades and hearts. Since you have strong trump support and a singleton spade, you should bid the slam forthwith.

10 4 SPADES -5 PTS 3 SPADES 3 PTS.  
2 NO TRUMP -2 PTS PASS -1 PT.

Although your hand is worth only 17 points in high cards, you have a doubtless heart and all your values are in control cards. These are factors which should persuade you to upgrade your hand now that you know partner wishes to play in spades. A raise to three spades is appealing and does not preclude a final contract of three no trump.

11 DRAW NORTH'S CLUBS, THEN TAKE A HEART FINESSE -5 PTS

The hand offers a rich variety of plays for a 12th trick. One could not be severely criticized for simply taking two heart finesses—a 75% chance—in an attempt to secure the contract.

However, you can convert this 75% chance into certainty by the simple expedient of removing North's clubs before taking a heart finesse. If four rounds of clubs are necessary to achieve this, dummy throws the 8 of hearts on the fourth round. East now leads the jack of hearts and lets it ride if South plays low. North wins but has to lead into one of three tenace positions in the West hand, giving declarer a free finesse for his 12th trick.

GIVE YOURSELF 3 POINTS even if you

took a heart finesse before cashing out the clubs, provided you cashed all your other winners before taking a second heart finesse. Such a sequence of play affords you some secondary possibilities.

North's actual hand is: spades Q 6 3, hearts K 4, diamonds J 9 8 7, clubs 8 7 6.

12 PERMIT NORTH'S JACK TO WIN THE FIRST TRICK 5 PTS.

Unless North is playing a very deep game by holding back with the spade king, this is the best way to increase your chances.

Declarer must set up his diamond suit, so he should take a precaution against a 5-2 spade division. By ducking the opening lead, declarer prevents South from bringing in his long spade suit unless he has both diamond honors. Suppose North returns a spade, assuming you of two tricks in the suit; when you drive out one of the diamond honors, North either has no spade to return or the suit will originally have been divided 4-3. In either case you make your contract.

It is not likely that North, having won the first trick, will shift. Should he do so, you can always finesse for the king of spades yourself.

South's actual hand is: spades K 9 8 6 2, hearts 3 2, diamonds K 7 6, clubs Q 9 5. Notice that if East wins the first trick with the spade queen, North will take care to win the first round of diamonds and return a spade, and East will still have to let South into the lead with the diamond king.

## AS FOR THOSE PUZZLES . . .

On the Lenz hand, South discards a diamond on the ace of clubs, and North leads the club king.

1) If East trumps, South overruffs, cashes the spade ace, ruffs out West's spade king, and North leads trumps to pick up East's queen.

2) If East discards a spade, South ruffs, trumps out West's spade king, leads a heart from North for a winning finesse and cashes his good spades. North is put in with a diamond to lead a club for South to ruff. A second diamond puts North in and East's trumps are couped.

3) If East discards a diamond, South discards a spade. A heart is led for a finesse, dummy is reentered with a top diamond for a second heart finesse, and South runs all his trumps. West is squeezed at three suits.

On the Whitfield Six, South leads the diamond king and North plays the diamond jack. A spade lead is ruffed with the heart 7, and North leads the heart 8. East throws the club 8, South the club 10. West cannot safely discard other than the spade queen. North leads the club ace. If East discards the spade jack, South discards the diamond 9 and wins the last two tricks with his remaining diamond and spade. If East discards the diamond 8, South discards his spade leaving him with two good diamonds.

END



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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

*It was always that even the most highly regarded college teams need more than just a big separation to survive this year. Michigan, Vanderbilt, St. Louis and Kentucky were the latest to fall. Penn State, an Eastern independent heavyweight underdogged in basketball, upset both Kansas and Kansas State, and in Southern territory, too. Evansville, long a small-college power, surprised Northwestern and Notre Dame. But there were signs that some of the preseason favorites might reclaim their ratings. UCLA, Duke and Davidson, after first-week losses, were winning again. San Francisco, Minnesota, Villanova, Bradley, Miami of Ohio and Wichita were still unbeaten.*

## THE MIDWEST

**THE TOP THREE:** 1. MICHIGAN (4-1)  
2. WICHITA STATE (4-0) 3. MINNESOTA (4-0)

There seemed to be no stopping such-as. When the muscular Wolverines clobbered Missouri 91-61, Coach Bob Vanatta said facetiously, "I want to get out of town as soon as I can in case they want to play us again." Michigan's Dave Strack gushed, "We're unbelievably good." Strack was certain of it when sweet-shooting Carole Russell poured in 27 points in 28 minutes before the reserves limped off. Indiana State 102-64. But three nights later the Wolverines, after building up a 10-point half-time lead, suddenly found themselves fighting desperately for their No. 1 ranking against fast-breaking SEASIDE. With one second to go, Nebraska's Fred Hare, a slim, 6-foot-1 guard, grabbed a rebound, casually flipped the ball over his head, and it went in. Michigan had its first loss, 74-73.

SEASIDE took care of St. Louis. The Tigers' hard-driving fast breaks got the unbeaten Bills in foul trouble early and they never recovered. Ned Morse, an erratic reserve last year, scored 24, passed off for several more, and Missouri won 62-56. But the week was not all fun and games for Big Eight teams. PENN STATE, an unheralded underdog, turned the Sunflower doubleheaders at Manhattan and Lawrence into a shambles. The Nittany Lions tied up Kansas with a tight zone and beat the Jayhawks 59-48 when Carver Clinton missed in 10 points in the last 9½ minutes and finished off with a perfect pass to Bob Weiss for the winning basket. The next night Penn State got off to a 17-2 lead against Kansas State, but the Wildcats found a way to crack the zone, and pretty soon the Lions were in trouble. Again Clinton came through. He matched Jeff Simmons' free throws in the closing seconds, then blocked a shot to save a 60-59 victory.

One of these seasons' major teams will learn to avoid Evansville. Last Northwestern made the mistake of going there and got trounced by EVANSVILLE 83-75. Notre Dame (page 28) was next, and the Irish discovered there is indeed no place like home. They outrebounded the scrappy Aces 50-29

but outlived them 27-9 and were outscored 89-82 for their first loss.

There were still some unbeaten teams left in the Midwest. WICHITA STATE, with Coach Gary Thompson comfortably perched on his tall but stool, complete with seat belt (in protest of the new rule that prohibits coaches from jumping off the bench), shifted easily from zone to zone press to full-court man-to-man to combination defenses against Brigham Young. These mismatches upset the Cougars, and Wichita State won twice, 93-76 and 81-65. SEASIDE held off Murray State 76-74, then whipped South Dakota 100-72. SEASIDE, after routing Oklahoma 87-69, hit North Carolina with a press and a dazzling fast break that swamped the Tar Heels 107-81. SEASIDE's ironclad Marquette 78-59, while in PAUL's good outside shooting nailed Middle Tennessee 89-68. MIAMI OF OHIO could not handle Dayton's 6-foot-11 Henry Finkel (the 33 points), but Charley Coles and Jeff Gehring scored 51 between them, and the Redskins won 93-88. Then Miami defeated Western Michigan 82-70.

## THE SOUTH

**THE TOP THREE:** 1. DUKE (4-0)  
2. VANDERBILT (3-1) 3. DAVIDSON (3-0)

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp came into Charlotte crying, as usual, about his "pore little boys." Nobody really believed him, but The Baron had a point this time. North Carolina's Billy Cunningham and sophomore Bobby Lewis monopolized the boards, scored 45 points between them and, when the Wildcats went to a frantic full-court press, the Tar Heels simply ran away from it for an easy 82-67 victory. Cunningham was even sharper against Tulane, scoring 48 points as Carolina won 111-74.

Things got better for SEASIDE later. The Wildcats routed Iowa State 100-74, as sophomore Louie Dampier got 37 points, then smothered Syracuse 110-77. Old sinner-saver Rupp, remembering that Syracuse Coach Fred Lewis had once written in a article on the 1-4 offense, was ready for it with a 1-3-1 zone. Aggressive Pointman Tommy Kern broke the Syracuse patterns and also scored 30 points.

VIRGINIA TECH had lost all three of its games before meeting undefeated Vanderbilt, but the Gobblers had not played at Blacksburg, where they seldom lose. Tech's pressing youngsters could not do much about Vandy's 6-foot-9 Clyde Lee, who scored 25 points and got 16 rebounds, but Johnny Wetzel and Pat Morant more than made up for that. They scored 35 points, and Tech upset Vanderbilt 69-64.

DUKE, recovering slowly from its loss to Michigan, had the devil's own time beating Navy 93-87 in overtime, but South Carolina was no trouble at all. Jack Mann threw in 20 points, big Hack Tison added 17 more, and Duke trounced the Gamecocks 111-72. NORTH CAROLINA STATE, with Press Maravich replacing retired Coach F.V. Case, also came alive. The Wolfpack edged scrambling Maryland 63-62 and then put down touring USC, 67-59 and 78-69.

MIAMI'S improvement was more rapid. Big Fred Hezel fired in 53 points, and the Wildcats thrashed Furman 113-82. Jacksonville also lost to the Wildcats, 91-70.

## THE EAST

**THE TOP THREE:** 1. VILLANOVA (4-0)  
2. PENN STATE (10-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (3-0)

The dapper young man sitting on the now-crowded bench in New York's Madison Square Garden looked fit enough to play. But Coach Bob Cousy does not have to anymore. He merely flicks a finger and a horde of aggressive, tough-shooting Eagles go flying at the foe. Cousy's young team had to struggle for a while with NYU, but John Austin, a handy six-footer who loves to stir up the crowd with fancy behind-the-back dribbling and passing (just like Cousy) and feathery jump shots, fired in 16 points in the last 6½ minutes of the 42 in all, and the Volees succumbed 102-84. Not every team was that easy for BC, though. Later Connecticut upset the Eagles 85-81.

ST. JOHN'S Joe Lapchick said flatly last week, "Miami's Rick Barry is a sure pro star," and then his Redmen set out to prove it. They let the slickest shooter in the land get away for 10 points, but St. John's beat the Hurricanes anyway, 79-77. MIAMI was still unbeaten, too. The Friars battered Brown 93-63 and St. Francis (N.Y.) 86-55.

Philadelphia's Big Five was showing plenty of muscle. VILLANOVA's Bill McIlhenny outscored Princeton's Bill Bradley 24 to 23 and got the winning basket in a 61-60 overtime victory. ST. JOE'S took St. Peter's 98-82 and Hofstra 89-69. LYNNELL defeated Miami 90-86 and Niagara 67-59 in overtime. EMORY rolled over Lehigh 80-34 and Boston U. 73-62. PENN'S Ivy League whaled Delaware 77-34 and Tulane 88-57.

The Ivy League was shaping up as a three-way fight, Penn and Cornell, which nosed out Syracuse 73-72 and Army 65-61, were still unbeaten, while Princeton bounced back to take Colgate 81-53 and Navy 77-67.

## THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. BAYLOR (4-0)  
2. OKLAHOMA CITY (3-0) 3. TEXAS A&M (4-0)

Southwest Conference fans have learned never to put much stock in preseason rankings. Somehow the favorites almost always fade away like that famous yellow rose. Right now, BAYLOR, one of the least likely contenders, is acting mighty chipper after trampling Trinity 139-88. TEXAS A&M looks good, too. The Aggies coasted past Sam Houston 75-58 and got even with Memphis State, their only conqueror, 81-71. But Texas Tech, the favorite, was still struggling. The Raiders lost to KENTUCKY 77-75 before beating Wyoming 98-87.

OKLAHOMA CITY'S Abe Lemons was smiling again. His Chiefs beat North Texas State 81-73 and Wyoming 99-90. TEXAS WESTERN, however, split four games, beating East Texas State 65-49 and Colorado State 63-50 and losing to WISCONSIN 73-55 and MINNIE 56-55. Houston lost to MICHIGAN 77-69 and NORTH TEXAS 60-48, then edged TCU 67-62.

## THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SAN FRANCISCO (4-0)  
2. UCLA (3-0) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (2-2)

UCLA, back home on familiar terrain, was up to its ball-sticking, fast-breaking tricks again. The quick Bruins lit into Arizona State with a withering zone press, and in no time at all the Sun Devils collapsed. UCLA won easily, 107-76. Oklahoma State tried to hold the Bruins down with a controlled offense, but Earl Goodrich, the pekiest prower of them all, broke it up with his pilfering and shooting (for 20 points), and UCLA won 68-52.

CALIFORNIA, which had upset Arizona 57-55 a night earlier, had SAN FRANCISCO down 27-13 after 14 minutes. Then Cal made the mistake of going to a semistall. The aggressive Dons forced the Bears into ball-handling errors. Ollie Johnson got away for 21 points, and San Francisco won the game 65-55.

The Western AC race, when it starts, should be a hammer. UTAH'S Redskins, quick-footed, sure-shooting and ball-hawking, beat St. Mary's 101-67 for their fourth in a row. NEW MEXICO, with 6-foot-9 sophomore Mel Daniels rolling up 82 points and 45 rebounds, bombed Long Beach State 72-53 and New Mexico State 86-38.

For a change, Wayne Fries was not the whole show for UTAH STATE. Farnell Mackbee, a reformed footballer, came off the bench against Pacific, muscled in four shots, and the unbeaten Aggies won their fourth, 98-74. SEATTLE squeaked by Arizona State 79-78, then Santa Barbara 75-55.

OREGON STATE, with senior Guard Jim Jarvis throwing in 31 points, defeated Arizona State 68-52. OREGON managed to outlast Washington 61-60, but Coach Steve Belko was not impressed. "We were bad," he said ruefully. "They were just one point worse."

END



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from all of us at  
Jack Daniel's Hollow  
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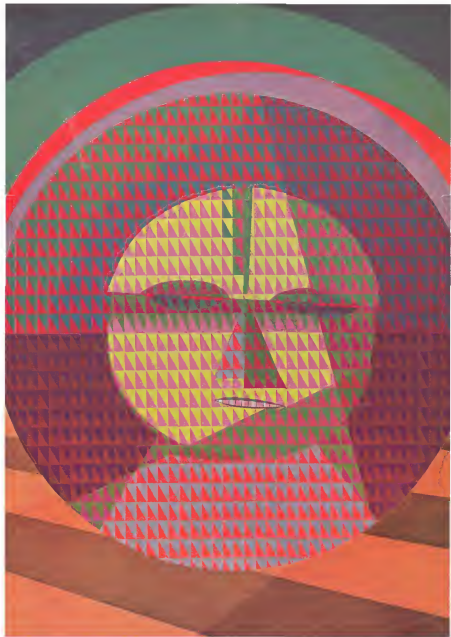
*Out of a fantastic someday world whirls a demoniac flack in a formless car to show a poor Primitive from an all-but-vanished society the new national game, Quoit. One of the country's most distinguished science-fiction writers tells how the Primitive is at first confused, then horrified, fascinated and—in the end—entrapped by a thing he abhors*

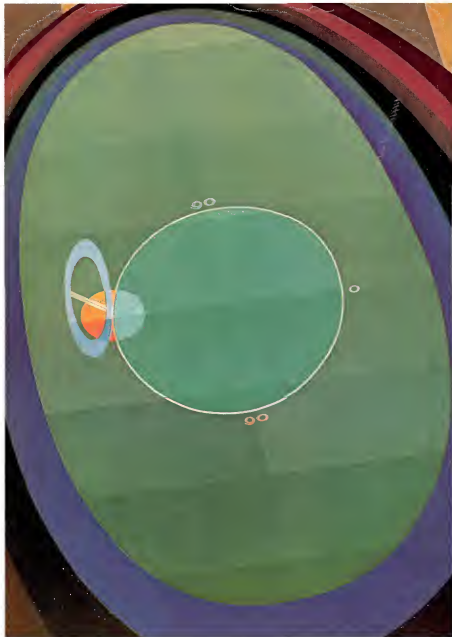
# How to Forget Baseball

CONTINUED









by THEODORE STURGEON

Once upon a possible (for though there is only one past, there are many futures), after 12 hours of war and 40-some years of reconstruction; at a time when nothing had stopped technology (for technological progress not only accelerates, so does the rate at which it accelerates), the country was composed of strip-cities, six blocks wide and up to 80 miles long, which rimmed the great superhighways, and wildernesses. And at certain remote spots in the wilderness lived primitives, called Primitives, a hearty breed that liked to stay close to nature and the old ways. And it came about that a certain flack, whose job it was to publicize the national pastime, a game called Quoit, was assigned to find a person who had never seen the game; to invite him in for one game, to get his impressions of said game and to use them as flacks use such things. He closed the deal with a Primitive who agreed to come in exchange for the privilege of shopping for certain trade goods. So...

The dust cloud had a chromium nose and a horrible hiss. It labored down the lane, swinging from side to side, climbed the final rise, slowed beside the rustic gate with the ancient enameled legend *COURSER* over it, slewed around and stopped, whereupon it was enveloped in its own streaming tail. The hissing subsided, and the dust cloud seemed to slump at its swirling heart. In the silence the dust settled on and around the ground-effect vehicle, its impregnable, scratchproof, everlasting finish ignominiously surrendering its gleam and glitter to the pall of bone-dry marl. There was a moment of silence, accented by the *rales* of cooling metal and the barbarous comments of faraway frightened crickets and a nearby unabashed frog. Then the vehicle emitted a faint rising whine as a circular section in a side window began to spin; in a second the sound was up out of the audible range and the dust vanished from the rotating part of the window, presenting a dark porthole in which a jovial head appeared, browless, hairless and squinting nervously at all the unconditioned air. It stared through the bars of the gate at what would have been a footpath except that there were two of them, parallel and winding up through the meadow to a stand of maples. From these, in due course, issued an impossibility outside the pages of some historical treatise—not annealed plastic, but formed metal; not hovering, but wheeled; streamlined outlandishly only where it showed and, most surprising of all, producing constant sound from the power plant. continued

The oval stadium had a circle of lush turf in the center, around which revolved the tilted Quoit with its thin red cutting core. Beneath the Quoit and rotating with it was the Spot. Points—ranging from 0 to 90 depending on the position of the Spot—were scored by getting into the Spot while it was moving through the opponent's portion of the circle.

PAINTINGS BY EDWARD KASPER

The man in the hovercraft watched with incredulity the stately progress of this wheeled fossil as it bumped across the meadow and came to a stop on the other side of the gate. From it stepped a tall man dressed embarrassingly, bearing a burden of some kind. He closed the door of his antique and locked it with a key, and walked to the other side to try the door there. At last he turned to face the hovercraft. He did so with an expression of distaste, which he wore the whole time he approached.

The hairless man touched a stud on the dash and listened intently to the murmur that came from surrounding speakers. Then he palmed a pale spot on the dash and the syle panel snicked out of sight, gone up, down, sideways—who could tell?—and repeated what the recorder had told him: “Hello. Hello. Bil Ferry speaking. Is Mr. Ourser there?”

The tall man put out a searching hand, found that there was indeed an opening and got in. The driver brushed the pale spot and the opening went snick! and was no longer an opening. The newcomer winced, then said, “I’m Ourser.”

“Did I get it right?” asked Bil Ferry.

“You mean the ‘hello, hello’ bit? That’s for the telephone,” said Mr. Ourser mercilessly.

“Damn dim research department,” grumbled the flack, and started the hovercraft. “Anyway, I tried.”

“Nobody but a Primitive tries,” said Mr. Ourser starchy. “There’s no reason to.”

“Pastpoint unreason there, classmate,” said Bil Ferry rapidly. “Y’ll know it, comes of Florio flippin’.”

“I,” said Mr. Ourser, “am a scholar, and among other things I am devoted to the purity of the tongue. I do not dig you one bit, man.”

“Sorr, so sorr. All I mean, you’ll see Florio put out lots effort, plenty, today. You find me?”

“I follow the general trend. This Florio, I take it, is your favorite and champion. Slow down, you idiot!” The hovercraft, as always when not automatically guided, had begun to indulge in its proclivity for heading at 45° to the direction it was traveling. Bil Ferry wrestled the tiny figure-eight-shaped wheel, corrected the heading and said, unabashed, “Positive, poz-pez-pez,” and slowed to a comparative crawl. “Every rockhead in the world thinks he’s an expert driver,” grumbled the Primitive. “Not me, classmate,” said the other cheerfully. “Who needs it? I am expert flack.”

The hovercar hissed over the undulating marl road with its high wide white mantle of dust airborne in its wake. In time it turned onto the remains of a blacktop feeder road, the potholes and weed patches of which the craft ignored, and came at last to the superway approach. Bil Ferry placed the vehicle carefully on the cen-

ter stripe of the approach ramp and accelerated to match the flowing patches of violet on its buff background. There was the soft syllable of a gong, and a saucer-sized purple light appeared at the center of the dash. Bil Ferry sighed, folded up the steering wheel with a snap and pushed it forward, where it was swallowed without a trace by a gateway in the dash. The flack sighed again and swung his seat around on its pivot with his back to the windshield. Mr. Ourser was sitting rigid, perspiration starting visibly from his temples and his eyes tight closed, as the hovercraft swept around the curve of the ramp accelerating (100, 130, 150, 165) to the straightaway.

“What’s the matter, classmate?”

“I hate these things,” said Mr. Ourser. “Hate this.”

Bil Ferry settled himself comfortably. “Now I got a chance to brief you about the Q this after—”

“Please don’t,” said the Primitive. “It never made any sense to me before and I don’t think it or anything else would make any sense to me just now.” He opened his eyes, took in the blur of continuous village at the sides, the hurtling hovercraft that preceded them a precise 100 yards ahead and the other, which followed 100 yards behind, all three vehicles strung on the broad yellow stripe of the center line. He glanced at, and winced from, the luminous yellow figures that seemed to hang unsupported three inches away from the dash, with the information (175) he so little desired at the moment. “Talk if you want. Just don’t ask me to think.”

“Kay,” said the unpuncturable Bil Ferry agreeably. “You don’t got a Q stadium your place, poz?”

“We haven’t, we can’t, we wouldn’t and, as you say, we don’t.”

“What you do instead?”

“Instead of what?”

“Stement. Root. You trace me? The big game.”

“Oh. Well, football. Then in the winter there’s basketball and hockey. And some of us like tennis. But the main thing is baseball.”

The flack shook his head. “Not baseball. Nobody can und’stan’ baseball.”

“Not understand baseball?” cried Mr. Ourser.

“I researched baseball,” said Bil Ferry. “Chit and chat with you, home ground, friendly, you find me? I don’t und’stan’ it. RBI, MVP. Carned runs. Httin’ zungos.”

“Fungos. Anyone can understand baseball! Why—”

And so it was that the Primitive began to lecture the flack, the one still tensely gripping the sides of his seat and averting his eyes from the outscapes, the other relaxed and puzzled, listening with birdlike cockings of the head and bright, unrecaptive eyes. It would have been clear to Mr. Ourser, had he been observing the evolution of the flack’s expression from interest through per-

plexy, that the flack had eventually tuned him out and was just listening to the noise.

"What I don't und'stan'," said Bil Ferry at length, "is, everything stay still, yes? First base here, third base here, foul line here, home run here, pozz?"

"Home plate. Yes."

"Thass dead, classmate. You want everything movin. Well, alive is movin, you find me? Now, what you should do, you should get those bases movin around a circle. You get your pitcher to turn and turn to follow. He got a special throw to lead the target, hey?"

"That wouldn't be baseball?" cried Mr. Ourser.

"And hey," said the flack eagerly, "why you want one team up, th'other team up? It take all day. What you want, you got two diamonds, one on top the other, you find me? You put your pitchers out there back to back an the whole thing goin round and round. Now it moves, classmate, hey? Alive?"

"You keep your obscenities to yourself!"

"Kay," said Bil Ferry, unimpressed. "So I don't und'stan' baseball, and I don't und'stan' you Primmies either. P'centage points, magic numbers to win or lose, battin averages, and they tell me you live computerless."

"Our cornerstone," acknowledged Mr. Ourser.

"Then y'r all insane," said Bill Ferry amiably. "Y'r all like this baseball thing. Fella stand on a place, uses knowledge skill and ergs to get himself where? Right back where he started only he's tired, Gimme a Q any day. We're here."

What "here" turned out to be was an exit ramp, one like a dozen others they had passed. The flack turned into it by touching the right-hand one of two wartlike lumps on the dash. It began to flash lime-green, and the hovercraft edged off the center line onto the buff roadway and then the blue margin and began to decelerate. Mr. Ourser fixed his companion with an apprehensive gaze, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it and started to tremble. The hovercraft, still decelerating, followed the ramp across a bewildering web of crossroads and cloverleafs and rushed by a lake and two thousand-foot cylindrical housing units encrusted with balconies and standing on stilts. Ahead was the chiaroscuro of one of the nation's few remaining cities—and it was less a city than the monstrous clutter caused by the crossing of five major highways and their strip-villages. The skyline showed a heavy preponderance of "inverted structure"—the architectural gimmickry of the period which, by using superstrength materials below and ultralight ones

above, created buildings like upside-down pyramids and impossibly leaning and curving towers.

Mr. Ourser, past the point of tact and even reason, suddenly screamed, "The wheel! For the love of God, you forgot your wheel!" At that moment the lime-green light gonged softly and went out. The flack reached behind him (he still sat with his back to the windshield) and touched the wart again, it resumed its flashing and the machine whirled off again to the right, this time on a much narrower ramp which was now a ramp, now a tunnel, now an arrow-straight path through swampland and meadow. "The wheel, who needs it?" laughed the flack, as the car banked sharply around a turn like that of a bobsled run, braked silently almost to a halt and settled, with the descending whine of its throttled-out turbines, to rest on a moving belt.

Above and ahead, great shining letters hung in the sky, surrounded by a rotating ring of blue light. The letters read QUOT TODAY and then FLORIO and then ADAM THE GREAT, and then again QUOT TODAY. The hovercraft was borne down perhaps a hundred feet, then turned broadside and decanted into a niche between two other cars, part of a row, a rank, a serried myriad of distance-dwindled shining cars. The flack touched the doorplate, and the side of the car snicked out of existence. "Out, classmate. We're here."

Mr. Ourser, still trembling, dismounted and reached back in for his burden, at which the flack raised the ridges from which his eyebrows had been shaved, but made no comment. The flack led the way and assisted his unwilling guest onto the first and second bands of a slideway on which they were whisked, standing, to the gateway. Mr. Ourser flicked self-conscious glances at the people around him and their impossible clothes. There was a preponderance of a substance that was colored like skin and clung like skin to areas of skin and showed no margin where the substance stopped and skin began. This made possible such effects as braided earlobes and skintight torso coverings, which to all intents and purposes did not cover. There were also bald girls and men with shoes that looked like bare feet with no toes. Mr. Ourser and the flack were grateful, each in his way, for the tradition that made clothing style the privilege of each individual, and derogatory comments inexpressible. "Modesty is not so simple a virtue as honesty," a wise man once said, and he said it before entire populations lived in an air-conditioned environment.

Bil Ferry flashed a medallion, swung from a chain around his neck, at the gate-keeping machine, and they were admitted and swept by another slideway under the stadium and through to daylight on their aisle. Their box was perhaps seven rows back from the edge of the

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playing field but, once in it, Mr. Ourser had the feeling it was suspended in space over the action. Before he could determine how this was done he was diverted by the flack's demonstration of the box's conveniences: heat control, cold control, refreshments, the scoreboard (a blank bulkhead at the moment) and the Options.

"What are Options?"

Bill Ferry pointed to the two nubs on the scoreboard section of the bulkhead. "Each quarter, the quitoes run up provisional score, shows here. Now we decide if it adds zero-sum or nonzero-sum."

"I do not," said the Primitive, "know what you are talking about."

"Oh," said the flack, and thought for a moment. "Look. You got something out wildernessville called 'games theory'?"

"I've heard of it. A kind of high-grade math, or logic."

"Right-ee. Games theory derived from games, hey? Well, Quoit is first game derived from games theory." He looked at Mr. Ourser's expression and shrugged. "Skip, classmate. Y'll und'stan' better at the quarter when the scores come up."

"I doubt it," said the Primitive, and sat down (with all but an astonished yelp at the seat's superb softness) and directed his attention to the field.

The field was oval, about 200 feet long and 100 wide, and covered with what seemed to be perfect greensward. Centered in the oval was a circle 50 feet in diameter. "Thass the Track," said Bill Ferry, pointing to the circle. "There's three things you got to know: the Track, the Quoit, the Spot. Track's 50 feet across. Quoit rolls on it. Spot is where edge of Quoit touches Track."

"I don't see this Spot. Or the Quoit either."

"You will. This is North," said the flack, waving left, "and this is South. Object is for South to get his body, or part of it, into the Spot while Spot's traveling in North's side of the track. You trace me?"

"And to keep the North player out of the Spot when it's in his own territory."

"You listen real good, classmate," the flack said approvingly.

"How fast does this Spot travel around the track?"

"Four times a minute. Once in 15 seconds. Bout seven miles 'n hour."

"And a player scores by getting into the Spot?"

"Any part of his body, for five seconds. He gets points 'pending on where Spot is at end of five seconds."

"You mean he gets more or fewer points depending on where the Spot is?"

"Positiv-ee. From center field, into North, goes from zero to 90 and back to zero."

"In degrees."

"In points. Degrees is points, points is degrees."

"I guess I understand it."

"Simpler'n a Texas leaguer an' a fielder's choice. Here come the girls."

As if by magic, from unmarked areas in the end zones, girls appeared briskly, perhaps two per second, springing and dancing off in all directions. In a matter of moments the field was a kaleidoscope of leaping, running, bending forms, each wearing—Mr. Ourser would have said "bearing"—the most exquisite arrays of trailing plumes and ribbons, cobwebby streamers of all the colors there are, all at once and ever-changing, some trailing real smoke from slim anklets and bracelets, green, purple, yellow, orange. Mr. Ourser could smell the smoke now—pine, heliotrope, sea breeze, vanilla, fresh bread. Music appeared from nowhere, everywhere, perhaps from the girls, who seemed a part of it. It heightened its tempo, and the girls began to form into patterns and lines, intermingle, cluster and whirl, then break into disorganized riots of color that instantly turned into avenues and orchards of beauty and motion.

Bill Ferry rose and crossed in front of Mr. Ourser. "Look down there," he said. Mr. Ourser moved to the side rail and looked down into a square pit between their box and the next. He saw three uniformed men there, each bearing the insignia of the slanted, glowing blue Quoit with a scarlet thread through it. On the front, or fieldside, wall were 30 or more monitor screens. In the center were four immense trideo tanks bearing closeup three-dimensional images of the pageantry on the field. "Broadcast monitors," explained the flack. "The 2-D screens are for the ref'ree—him over there on the high chair. The other citizens 're techs, one for stadium management—sound, lights, force screens and all—an' the other's a Quoit tech. See that big red handle? Thass it, classmate. Thass the big one. Thass the Quoit."

Mr. Ourser, intrigued by a movement in the trideo tanks, turned his attention back to the field. At a twinkling run the girls had formed themselves into two large Xs, one in each end zone, and raced into the mysterious spot from which they had come, the Xs swallowing themselves up in their own apexes.

"Where do they go to?"

"Down under. They got like a four-sided pyramid with gateways, on'y you can't see it. Force field."

"What are these force fields? How do they work?"

"How sh'd I know? Look, y'r belly can take y'r lunch

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an turn it into that big happy smile an bright eyes, poz? You know how that works? Does y'r belly know? If it works, who cares? If y'want technol'gy, classmate, ask one of those techs down there after the game, don't ask a flack. Now watch the clown."

The clown was tall and gangling and many-jointed, bobbing and staggering and falling over his feet. Bil Ferry pointed into the control tank, and Mr. Ourser saw the Quoit tech draw down the big red handle.

The stadium, even the most habituated fans in it, gasped; Mr. Ourser was thunderstruck. A mighty toroid, or doughnut shape, of transparent blue light, with a threadlike core of aching red, the Quoit was tilted at 30°, with one edge contacting the ground just on the circular path of the Track. Where it touched, a circular patch of brilliant light appeared, the Spot. About 12 feet across and exactly bisected by the Track, it was green on the infield side and orange on the outfield side, and it traveled the Track at a steady pace as the huge Quoit moved. The motion of the Quoit was that of a saucer spinning on its edge and slowing down, so that it rolls on its perimeter. The Quoit, however, did not slow down, but rotated at its steady four revolutions per minute, the bicolored Spot moving with it. "Watch clown."

The gangling clown, jelly-legged, spaghetti-armed, did a boneless dance on the Track. The crowd shrieked at him as the Quoit approached. He stopped dancing and looked at the stands, cupping one ear. With the Quoit upon him, he turned and leaped in mock panic, and tried to lurch out of its way. The red thread at the heart of the Quoit sliced down through his bobbing bustle, severing it neatly. The crowd howled. The clown, hands clapped to his backside, scampered across the infield, making the stadium rock with bursts of shrill amplified laughter.

"Off' core cut anything—steel, bones, bottoms or rice puddin'," chuckled the flack. "Para-matter field."

"How does it work?"

"I tol you, ask the techs. All I know is that red core cuts off hand, foot, anything. Line only a few molecules thick. Seals it, heals it and makes you laugh."

"Who laughs?"

"I jingle you not, classmate—it's some sort of shock. Cut off your behind, you laugh like hell."

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"They say not. Not for a while anyhow. Then the medics stick it back on good as new."

"Good as new?"

Bil Ferry shrugged. "Most times. Sometimes numb. Sometimes rots off." He laughed suddenly and pointed at the clown, who had tripped over his feet and sprawled across the Track just as the Quoit arrived. To the hor-

ror of the Primitive, the deadly red thread cut through both the clown's legs at the knees. The clown howled with merriment, flopped like a fish into the danger zone again, where the line crossed his neck. The head rolled away and then exploded with a loud bang, for it had been some kind of balloon. Out of the headless torso stepped a diminutive and enchanting female, who rushed to the retreating Spot, caught up with it and did a round-off, a handspring and a perfect layout back somersault over the scarlet core. She bowed charmingly and skipped to the North center field, where she disappeared.

"Now the quitters," said the flack, leaning forward expectantly. Mr. Ourser found himself doing the same; perhaps it was the music, which thundered and diminished and, with the unresolved chord, waited. "Here comes Florio."

The local hero was greeted enthusiastically as he appeared in the South center field. His name floated above him in huge block letters as he bowed to the right, to the left and ahead. He was dark, compact and extraordinarily muscled. "Mother-naked!" gasped the Primitive. Bil Ferry shook his head and thumbed down into the control pit. Mr. Ourser could see, in the immense magnification of the trideo tanks, the quitter advancing down the field with little mincing steps, his arms out like a tightrope walker's. And if one could see no garments, one could also see no details: he was, if naked, as smoothly streamlined as a teen-age-boy doll. "He got his minibiki," said Bil Ferry.

"Minbiki," muttered Mr. Ourser, by some alchemy of inflection making the word sound like giggling from behind the barn. "Minbiki."

From center field North, out of thin air, pranced a tall golden figure wearing long yellow hair and a minibiki which, like his opponent's, exactly matched the color of his skin. He was all of 6 feet 6 and broad and flat. He sprinted forward, bending as he ran, until he was hurling along stooped almost double, his long arms wide and curved forward a few inches above the ground; he rushed Florio as if to scoop him up like a mail sack. Florio hali knelt, one foot far forward, braced his rear foot, expanded his enormous chest, bunched his shoulder and arm muscles and waited there like some artist's conception of the Immovable Object. At the last possible moment Adam the Great stopped, poised in an amazing and perfect arabesque, and then left the ground. His elevation was phenomenal, and he soared over the stocky Florio's head like a big golden bird. The crowds loved it, and said so.

"This is Quoit? It looks more like a dance recital," scoffed Mr. Ourser.

"Positiv-eo!" cried the flack, not offended. He took his

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own fingers one by one and rattled off, "Quoit is dance and prizefight, wrestling, bullfight, bearbait, gym meet, track, everything."

"Except baseball."

Bil Ferry laughed and turned back to the field, just as the Quoit flickered on and off twice, still moving. There was a long silver note from the sourceless band, and the whole place fell silent, a breathing velvet silence in which nothing moved but the great wheeling blue Quoit. The two quotters stood, each in his own infield, legs apart, hands clasped behind them, heads bowed.

"What's happening?" Mr. Ourser demanded, and was answered by a chorus of growls and shushes from the people around. "Minute silence memory dead quotters," murmured Bil Ferry.

The silence, commanded by the noiseless hypnotic undulations of the mighty Quoit, seemed much longer than the 60 seconds it actually was. Then the music came up with organ tones and a crescendo clear from the marrow and all the way up to the wailing wall, and broke into a nappy little trot, and everyone relaxed. "Two cut in th' last three months," explained Bil Ferry. "Fans take it serious."

"I thought you said the doctors could fix them up."

"Most times. Not through the head."

**A** Gabriel trumped, and instantly the infield, the wonderful smooth greensward, developed spokes 10° apart. From the center line around to the North, nine segments glowed with spectral colors, red to indigo. From the North around again to the center line, indigo to red. And the same at the South side of the circular playing field. At the same time a hitherto unsuspected (by Mr. Ourser) force field over the entire stadium went opaque. Daylight was inked out, and the intensity of everything—the Quoit, the spoked circular center field and the traveling Spot, green inside the Track, orange outside—it all was stepped up, so that the eye had to narrow and blink to accommodate it. And the two men, still standing at ease with their hands behind them, had acquired a glow of their own: Florio the local champion, silver, Adam the Great, a glowing gold.

"Are they painted?"

"Taint paint," said the flack. "They got to spray 'em so the sensors know who's in the Spot or over the line so they c'n send to the computers so they c'n score 'em. Hey, Quoit!" he bellowed, and it seemed as if half the world was bellowing with him. Mr. Ourser recognized the equivalent of "Play ball!" and was also aware of the

wildly partisan nature of the crowd. At the South end the boxes seemed almost to rock with a rhythmic chant of "Florio! Flo-ri-o!" mostly from an idolizing younger group, while at the North end a large block of upper seats flared with the letters A-D-A-M spelled out in glowing cards. The two quotters trotted to the center line and extended their hands. They touched fingertips and then turned and went completely across to touch ground at the 90° point in their own territory.

"You want to watch that Adam," said Bil Ferry tensely.

"He got a trouble. He be champ by now sept for that."

"What trouble?"

Bil Ferry tapped his own head. "He gets mad."

Mr. Ourser asked. Even to the wilderness it had penetrated that there is something vulgar about anger; it was the new obscenity. Children learned to control their anger before they could toddle. It was thought that this might, in the long run, prevent war. The entire civilized world was studded with methods and devices, rituals and reflexes designed to drain off anger, or to transmute it into something else. One did not—simply did not—make public displays of anger. "You mean he's a sore loser, something like that?" asked Mr. Ourser.

"Nega-a neg-a no," the flack said. "He take that all right-ee. But don't make him look like a damn fool, you find me! There they go."

The Spot was just leaving North—Adam's territory—and as it entered the South segment Adam began to move. Florio, watching him intently, faded slowly back. As he crossed the center line, Adam shortened his steps, every fourth or fifth one being a small feint to right or left, to which Florio responded as if he were wired to the other's central nervous system, going up on his toes to balance there, arms out, tensed, ready to go anywhere including straight up.

"Now," said Mr. Ourser, explaining it aloud to himself, "he has to get past Florio and keep himself in the Spot for five seconds to score anything."

"Poz. Or maybe keep Florio in it for five. Florio lose points. In his own ter'itory." He laughed excitedly. "But I bet Florio say no."

The teen-agers in the next box were shrieking at Florio to stop Adam, to rush him, to look out for him. But it was Adam who rushed. His great size making the speed completely deceptive, he took two long strides and left the ground in one of his exquisite leaps. It was planned to carry him over Florio's head and down just in advance of the Spot as it entered the 80° segment. He could then stay in its green area, inside the Track, for the necessary five seconds or more, while lighting Florio off.

But Florio was not deceived and had plans of his own. As the magnificently arched and balanced figure soared

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overhead he reached up almost casually and tipped up the trailing ankle. Florio then made an immense bound, landing a dozen feet away even before his flailing, tumbling adversary hit the ground. Catlike the big man might be, but a cat he was not; he landed on his shoulder and the side of his face, the speed of his passage then carrying his long body up and over. His head was twisted almost under his armpit, and his legs just missed the rising red threat of the Quoit's core as it passed through the 90° segment. The crowd gasped.

"Now Florio usin his think-tank!" crowed the flack. "You see him jump?"

"Yes. What did he do that for?"

"Rule say no direct contusions. No punchin, kickin, stompin or bitin. If you dump a quoter an he gets contused, that's all right, you find me? But you don't pick him up and whang him on the ground or it costs you. So if you get away before he hits, he can't claim. Hey, look that Florio."

By now the Spot had swung into North territory. The golden giant still lay where he had fallen. Mr. Ourser rose anxiously. Half the stadium was on its feet. Florio was strutting with a cocky little heel-and-toe into enemy country, blandly ignoring the Spot, though pacing it, until it should get into a high-scoring area. He waved to someone high up in the stands. He blew a kiss. And then as if the joy in him simply could not be contained, he cut across the infield of North's territory with a round-off, two crip back handsprings and a high back somersault which took him over the Spot, over the core and out of bounds. He was back in again with a dive and roll as if he had bounced off something solid, having used up only the narrowest slice of the second that would have cost him points. The crowd roared approval.

"But what about him?" cried Mr. Ourser, pointing at the still figure of Adam the Great. "He could be hurt. He could be dead!"

"Patience, classmate. We find that out end of quarter. Look that Florio now!"

Florio was staring at the 90° segment, play-acting an immense concentration, holding his chin and wagging his head. Suddenly he turned his back and walked away. "Score! Score!" shrieked his partisans, but Florio shook his head, and someone suddenly shouted, "He don't need it! He don't need it!" and everyone took up the cry, laughing and cheering and pounding one another on the back. And in the midst of the bedlam Mr. Ourser took Bil Ferry by the shoulders and shook him, trying to be heard: "Somebody should go out there and see. Somebody—Ferry! Ferry!" he bellowed, and found himself inarticulate. "The thing, the thing there, the what-you-call it, red thing, that core, it'll take off his legs!

Make 'em stop the Quoit, Ferry, damn it, you hear? You've got to make 'em stop the Quoit!" he cried, shocked and horrified to his Primitive bones.

This got through to the flack, and no mistake about it. Ferry's eyes went wide, his jaw dropped, he gasped. Then, "Stop the Quoit? They never stop the Quoit!" he intoned, more shocked, even, than his guest.

Florio disdainfully trotted along in the undefended Spot as it passed through the low-scoring segment. On the hulkhead before him Mr. Ourser saw luminous letters and numbers appear: SOUTH 5, but he could not think about that at the moment. The scarlet thread at the core of the great ghostly Quoit pursued its stately way, with the brilliant bicolored disc of light centered on and traveling with the Quoit's point of contact with the ground. The stadium was in total uproar. Incredibly to Mr. Ourser, it seemed like laughter, inexorably, it was, for Florio had flopped down on his stomach and was pretending to pull up blades of grass and pick his teeth with them. And now, along with the roars and sneaks of laughter, there was an undercurrent of something else—a low-pitched buzz of terror and intoxication and something untonguivably akin to delight—the mob sound which, once heard, can never be forgotten or mistaken for anything else. And here and there, widely separated, ineffective, was a scream of horror, a cry of protest as the Quoit's core, like the slow-motion picture of a whip-lash, red already for its deadly work, moved down toward the motionless Adam.

Adam lay with his legs across the Track in South's 80° segment. As the green-and-orange Spot approached the 65° mark, something like a silver torpedo hurtled across the arena from the North infield. How Florio had converted himself from a lolling, grass-chewing sloth into this projectile—how any human being could move this fast—was beyond Mr. Ourser's comprehension. One second he was belly down on the sward and taking his ease, the next he was flashing across the playing field, the third he had Adam by the wrists and had jerked him clear of the Quoit. It seemed as if everybody in the place was on his feet but one. Mr. Ourser fell back into his seat, covered his face and trembled.

Bil Ferry plumped down beside him and pounded his shoulder. "Now, thass Quoit. Thass really Quoit. Now you know. Is great, neg-a neg-a no, hey?" he crowed. Then before the dazed Primitive could react he gave a wordless shout and pointed. Florio was standing over the prone giant bowing to the crowd, when with one of

*continued*

those bewildering transitions from stasis to full movement, from fear to hilarity, from combat to playfulness that seemed to characterize this game, Adam the Great rose fluidly from what had seemed to be total unconsciousness, caught the smaller man by the thighs, and came up standing with him in a fetal position in his arms. The closeup in the video tanks showed the heavy strain it took for Adam to hold Florio this way—and that he was capable of it. It showed, too, what seemed to be unalloyed fury on the big man's face, and the effortful but still amused expression of the little one in his arms.

Adam stalked across the infield with his burden. He could not hope to overtake the Spot as it left the high-scoring area, so he cut across and intercepted it. To score, he must be in it for five seconds, and all he got out of it was a 7 as it approached midfield and his own territory. But it was enough to top Florio's score and to send Adam's adherents into transports of joy. At the midfield point he unceremoniously dropped Florio on his rump and stalked off after the Spot.

Florio sat where he was for a moment, shook himself like a wet spaniel, bounced to his feet and crossed to midfield at the Track, just where the Spot would enter his territory. Here he beaced himself, and when the Spot crossed over into South, he shoulder-shunted Adam aside and placed himself between Adam and the Spot. They followed it around this way, the golden giant trying to step into the pool of light, which would mean a score, or trying to box his opponent into it, which would mean his loss of points, but each failing, all around the South traverse. Once it crossed midfield, they reversed positions like dancers, with Adam now defending against Florio's feints and attacks. It was, in its way, beautiful to watch: the golden and the silver bodies tense and speeding, waiting and leaping, the brilliant glowing spokes of the playing field, the majestic loop and fall of the rotating Quoit with its blue body and the lethal red thread at its heart. The contestants were in constant motion as they led and followed the traveling Spot, now defending, now attacking, now bounding away to take up an ambush point somewhere along the Track. The effect on the crowd seemed to be one of satisfaction, as if the explosive opening had set the game on a high plane and it was all right to turn it to this wondrous display of feint and fence. And at last, with a shocking effect on Mr. Ourser's eyeballs, the Quoit disappeared, the luminous spectral cartwheel of the playing field became the green oval bearing its innocent circle; the light shield over the stadium flicked out of existence, and it was again a warm outdoor afternoon, with a pleased and applauding crowd colorful in the sunlight. The first quarter was over.

"Well, you like? You like?" asked the flack gleefully.

"I don't really know," said Mr. Ourser as honestly as he could. "I was scared there for a minute, I don't mind telling you. Was Adam really unconscious?"

The flack shrugged. "Pozzo, neggo, who's to say-o? Long as it's good Quoit. Watch, here's the scoring."

The public address system began to thrum: "Zero-sum, nonzero-sum. Zero-sum, nonzero-sum. . . ."

"What's that mean? Zero what?"

"Zero-sum, you trace? Like—uh—poker. You have poker out there in the wilderness?"

"Well, sure."

"Kay. You and I play poker, everything won plus everything lost equals zero. Hey?"

"Uh—well, yes."

"Fine. Now, nonzero-sum is like, well, baseball. The scores add up to more than zero."

"I see."

"Good—eo." The flack pointed to the bulkhead, where the score floated: NORTH 7 SOUTH 5. "Thass provisional, you und'stan'. Now, if we score it zero-sum, we give each one 50 points—you got to have something to play with, same like poker, you find me? Now, Adam got 7, Florio got 5, provisional. Two points apart. If scoring's zero-sum, we take two points I'm Florio and give 'em to Adam. Score North 52, South 48."

"Uh, I think I've got it."

"Now, nonzero-sum. They get jus' what they earned, sept for one thing—underdog gets 50-point bonus."

"You mean if it's scored that way Adam would get his seven points, but Florio would get 55?"

"You oiled up and squeakless, Mr. O.," said the flack. Mr. Ourser recognized this as some sort of compliment and all but smiled. "But why should the underdog get 50 points?"

"Crowd likes his style."

"So by pushing one of those buttons"—he pointed to the bulkhead—"the crowd votes on whether to score it zero-sum or nonzero-sum."

The public-address system gave its muezzinlike cry once more, followed by a long chime. "Ten seconds. You want to push?"

"You do it."

The flack pushed the nonzero-sum button and leaned back. In two or three seconds the final first-quarter score appeared. SOUTH 55 NORTH 7. Florio's rescue of Adam had pleased the crowd. "Adam, he not join to love that no way nohow negativ-eo," Bil Ferry said.

The infield abruptly took on its spokes of color, the sky went out, the Quoit appeared and the players were magically in place again. The crowd sighed and settled itself.

This time there was no meeting and salutation. Florio

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shot across and into the Spot the second it was in North's territory. Adam sprang at him and, grasping him by the shoulders, flung him out before he had been in the green more than two seconds. Florio, surprisingly, raced away from him to the other side of the Track, by the center line, and lay down laughing on the Track.

Bill Ferry, and the whole stadium, shouted. Mr. Ourser was perplexed. "What's he doing?"

"He just laying there," chorried the flock. "Once was a champ name of Cream used to do that. War o' nerves, trace me! He snatched Adam away from the core, right? Now he give Adam the chance to do same thing. Adam got to. Look how mad he is, and he got to!"

"But suppose Adam just doesn't?"

"Oh, he got to. You think the crowd stand f' that?"

"Florio made a damn fool of him. You said—"

"Oh—Watch the game, classmate."

The mighty Quoit mutated on. Its brilliant scarlet core knifed along the track. The stadium grew hushed, as if at the bidding of a slowly turned volume control. Florio lay back on the Track, put his hands behind his head, and laughed up at the darkened sky. Adam the Great stalked over and stood looking down on him, glowering and (as seen in the trideo) chewing hard on his own teeth. The green-and-orange Spot arrived. The blue glow of the Quoit arrived. Adam still looked down, motionless.

And then, unbelievably, the red core cut Florio right in two, from groin to crown and through both the wrists which were behind his head. In the trideo tank Mr. Ourser saw the two halves of his body fall open like a book, the complex or colors which flooded out flashing on its glazed cut surfaces.

There seemed then to be a silence that went on forever, though it could not have been long. The Quoit disappeared and the sky came into being when the core had advanced only another two or three yards. The only thing that would come to Mr. Ourser's lips was a whispered, "I thought they never stopped the Quoit." And came Bill Ferry's whispered answer, "But the game's over now," and as whispers they could be clearly heard.

Then there was a wild, inconsolable screaming that seemed to set off an explosion in every human being in the place. Teen-agers began vaulting over the rail into the control pit; Mr. Ourser saw some confused fighting going on down there and uninformed men being trampled. The crowd, in ones, in twos, then by dozens and hundreds, began to jump over the barriers and pour onto the arena.

Adam the Great stood for perhaps a minute after the bisection of his opponent, his hands on his hips and his jaws working. He slowly raised his head and watched the people leaping, falling, vaulting onto the greens-

ward. Then his eyes widened and he turned and sprinted for the invisible gateway in the North outfield. He reached it yards ahead of the nearest spectators and seemed to be scrabbling at thin air. He ran around in a half circle and tried again, with the same result.

Mr. Ourser now understood why the teen-agers had dropped into the control pit—it was to lock those exits. Adam, fleeing across toward the South exit, apparently understood this, because he suddenly stopped trying. Right in the center of the arena he stopped and crouched at bay. More people came. They closed in, slowly. He whirled, and those behind him jumped back, but others jumped forward. He got his hands on a man and whirled with him and threw him. He knocked down two more. He ran then, and was tripped and went down.

There was a huge hooting sound. Bill Ferry paled. "Less cut out, classmate. Ther'll be police helis over here like flies in four seconds flat," he said. They stumbled out, the Primitive clinging to his burden to the last, up the aisle, out to the slideway stage.

Mr. Ourser looked back.

Someone in the wild flailing melee in the control pit had pulled the big red handle. The Quoit was in motion through the crowd. Nothing of that was ever to stay with Mr. Ourser but one sharp picture: a young, slender, bald girl sitting on the sward with the crowd milling around her, holding a severed and bloodless leg in both hands and laughing and laughing and laughing. . . .

The slideway, the parking lot, the hovercraft. When at last they were clear of the stadium and out on a feeder road, Bill Ferry said to the Primitive, in tones of outrage that echoed back through the years to the once-familiar syllables: "I say, that's not cricket!" "Mr. O.," he said, "that wasn't Quoit. That wasn't Quoit."

"I know. I know," said Mr. Ourser, comforting him.

And it was at that moment that Mr. Ourser destroyed the Primitives forever. He did not do it all at once, but he did it completely. "Do you suppose," he said, "that a Quoit installation—just a simple one—might be put in a wilderness location?"

"I c'n have Survey an' Estimate out there in the morning, y'ronner," said Bill Ferry. (He never called Mr. Ourser "classmate" again, that being a concession to the ideal of equality and used only on members of classes lower than one's own. A prospect, now, a real prospect, was "y'ronner" no matter what his station.) "I c'n also up your priorities one notch for the trade goods."

So Mr. Ourser opened his burden—an attaché case—and got out his shopping list, and with the improved priorities they were able to fill it, even to the timer for a 1962 RCA Whirlpool washing machine, even to the set of points for a 1964 Mercury.

**END**



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## PAIR-HAIRED WILLIAM

Sirs:

Congratulations to Frank Deford for giving the public the most accurate and complete picture to date of a once-in-a-decade athlete (*Am I's Longer Is the Best*, Dec. 7). As Deford indicated, Bill Bradley is not only "the best college basketball player in the world," he is a person of unique character. There are some who deprecate his almost incredible morality and respect for others. It is typical that Princeton's popular basketball coach is called Butch by everyone but Bradley, who always refers to him as Mr. van Breda Kolff. But such traits should not be scoffed at—they are all good rare in college athletes today.

ROBERT S. HILCOMB

Lemoyne, Pa.

Sirs:

If Bradley is the best college basketball player this year, then who was the best college football player—Archie Roberts?

PETER R. STRAIN

Detroit

Sirs:

William Warren Bradley . . . let's see, now, did he get to be President between Daniel Webster and William Jennings Bryan?

MRS. GENE A. MILLER

Jeffersonville, Ind.

Sirs:

Is it true that Bill Bradley, in an attempt to get to the gym even more quickly, walks across the Princeton pool? Perhaps Frank Deford's article could be revised to include this important fact.

BILL A. BROWN

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

While reading Frank Deford's article about Ivy League Bill Bradley, I recalled that two years ago you mentioned Bill as Sophomore of the Year and as a future All-America. It was one of the best predictions your magazine ever made.

LARRY GARDIN

Brooklyn

## CRYSTALLOGRAPHY

Sirs:

Allow me to be one of the first to congratulate your staff on the fine job it has once again done in analyzing the realm of college basketball (*Sunday Reports*, Dec. 7). It continues to amaze me how successful SI has been with its predictions in this field.

Last year it was NYU (picked as No. 1, finished the season with a 17-10 record) but you have really outdone yourselves this year. Here it is the second week of December, the basketball season only a week old, and already "mighty" Davidson has fallen. And if that weren't enough, UCLA, Kansas, Duke, Seattle, North Carolina and Syracuse, rated Nos. 1, 4, 5, 13, 17, 19, respectively, have also bitten the proverbial dust. Your nine surprise packages have also made a wonderful showing thus far. Five of them have joined the ranks of the immortals.

I am proud of your boys, however. It is heartening to see such a prominent publication refusing to be swayed by the opinions of the vast majority who are proclaiming Michigan as the No. 1 team.

BWIGAN B. STANLEY

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

By losing to St. Joseph's (Pa.), your No. 1 team is down the drain in less than a week. I suppose you now feel they'll redeem themselves by beating such kingpins as Wofford, Presbyterian and Jacksonville. Do you use a cracked crystal ball or stale tea leaves?

ROBERT JAMISON

Detroit

Sirs:

A salute to your nervy selection of Davidson as No. 1. The Big Ten saw Davidson defeat Ohio State 95-73 and break its 50-home-game winning streak last year. With Hetzel, Teague, Davidson and Snyder back, I think they are as good as you think they are.

ROBERT H. MOORE

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Not ranking Wichita State as the top five was the biggest mistake you will ever make.

DAL E. HANSON

Emporia, Kans.

Sirs:

Once again you have not picked Cincinnati to finish in the top 20, and that will inspire the Bearcats to go all the way!

STUART SCHAPIRO

Cincinnati

Sirs:

I have one word to say of your ranking of the Syracuse basketball team—BARDON! The Orange will not be peeled or squeezed this year.

JAMES D. TONZI

Auburn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Adolph Rupp of Kentucky is right when he speaks of being "distressed." Two fine teams from Tennessee, the University of Tennessee and Vanderbilt, will take care of Kentucky's "No. 8" ranking.

PAUL G. CALDWELL

Bristol, Tenn.

## THE SCHOOL BELL TOLLS

Sirs:

Re your editorial, "Let Them Begin Slowly" (*Sports Illustrated*, Nov. 30), I respect your right to voice your opinion, but I regard your attack on high school football as an undocumented, unscholarly and totally unsubstantiated perversion of scientific evidence.

You cited 21 deaths among high school football players and three deaths among their college and professional brethren as being evidence that the high school competition is overly dangerous, but you neglected to point out that there are well over 10 times as many high school boys playing organized football as there are college players.

You state that high school players are injured more often and are not in as good condition as their elders, yet, having had experience in coaching both service and high school athletes, I have found the opposite to be true. The teen-ager has more flexible, less brittle bones and can recuperate faster from a regged practice than can older players. What is the percentage of college and pro athletes who must endure knee and shoulder surgery? Comparatively few high school players undergo such treatment.

Football is a game in which, unfortunately, there are some deaths each year, but compared to other sports, like driving automobiles or swimming, it is obvious that it is not nearly as dangerous as its detractors would have us believe.

JOHN W. DURHAM

McKeesport, Pa.

Sirs:

As a high school football coach for 12 years, I am very much in disagreement. According to statistics prepared for the American Football Coaches Association, the average incidence of direct fatalities per 100,000 players for the years 1931 through 1963 in high school was 1.56 and in college 2.35.

According to the statistics, the direct fatalities due to football for the years 1931 through 1963 have been: sandlot 126, pro and semipro 71, high school 306, college 49. It is true that high school leads, but it has 10 times as many exposures as any of the other categories. I feel you should have taken

continued



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